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IT is with great regret that *The Nation* finds itself compelled to announce an increase in its subscription rate. A year ago it deemed such an increase of one dollar inevitable, if only because of the addition of the International Relations Section. Then the ending of the war seemed to make it unnecessary. But the costs of paper and labor have not decreased, as everyone knows; on the contrary they have steadily risen; and if present conditions continue it is possible that journals of this class may be obliged to make even further increases in order to continue to exist. Our regret is the keener because we receive so many letters from teachers and other intellectual workers who are not organized and are not profiting by higher pay, either urging us, if possible, to reduce the cost to them of *The Nation*, or begging us not to raise the rate. But there is no alternative. It is the hope of the editors to make it a stronger and better *Nation* in the year to come, and the International Relations Section will hereafter be a part of every issue instead of appearing in alternate numbers. Even at five dollars the price of *The Nation* merely equals that of several of its contemporaries.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S reception on the Pacific Coast appears not to have been the unmixed ovation that many American newspapers would have their readers believe. Of course he drew large audiences and, with the exception of one meeting in San Francisco, was received with the respect to which his office entitled him. There was, however, a distinct disposition, not in evidence earlier in the trip, to ask questions and demand facts. The demand of San Francisco laboring men for a statement on Ireland was only one instance. A copy of *The Seattle Union Record*, a spokesman of organized labor in the Northwest, has reached this office, showing that on the day of the President's arrival that newspaper printed the question "Why?" in letters three inches high across four columns of the first page, and followed it with a series of questions, among which were the following:

Why do you not ask the immediate repeal of the espionage law and urge a thorough discussion of the problems confronting America, to the end that we can democratically arrive at proper conclusions?

Why do you not release political prisoners in this country, when they are being rapidly released in other countries?

Why is it that under the espionage law working men and women mainly were convicted and not one German spy was prosecuted?

Why do you preach self-determination of peoples, and at the same time interfere with that self-determination in Russia by backing one faction in an internal conflict?

Why is there no demand in the League of Nations pact for a democratization of the kingdoms of Japan, Belgium, Rumania, and other backward countries?

Why is there no provision for a reduction of armaments in the treaty, if the League of Nations is to prevent future wars?

Why do you not support the Plumb plan for the solution of the railroad problem?

Why do you not fire Burleson?

These questions are not new, but the failure to meet them is rapidly weakening Mr. Wilson's hold on the people.

THE Wilson Administration is, as usual, in sad need of getting together and agreeing upon a consistent and coördinated military policy. Thus Mr. Wilson assures us that if we do not get the League of Nations, we must be a nation in arms exactly on the plan of Germany in 1914 and must expect universal military service. Only give us the League and conscription will disappear. More than that, he assures us that under the League of Nations no more American soldiers will be sent overseas—never, positively never. Yet at the very moment that he was making these assertions the loyal Democratic members of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee—all of them supporters of the League—were introducing a resolution giving the President the right to send at once to Armenia an unlimited number of American soldiers. As for conscription and universal service, certain Democratic leaders in Congress, plus Secretary Baker and the whole War Department machinery, are working tooth and nail for universal training without the slightest regard for the League of Nations or what the President is saying or anything else. More than that, the War Depart-

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ment's bill, heartily approved by that great liberal and democrat, Newton Baker, provides for the automatic going into effect of conscription the *instant* that war is declared. With it will come, of course, all the evils of censorship and suppression of press and public opinion, espionage acts, and the like. General March has assured Congress that if his bill passes, conscription of boys from *eighteen years up*—not twenty-one, as during the war—will go into effect automatically, without any action by Congress being necessary. The Chief of Staff also stated the Administration's belief that it will be quite constitutional and proper to introduce universal military training for the youth of America without enrolling them in the standing army. Surely never in the history of America have we had as inconsistent and vacillating an Administration as this in Washington. The evil effect of the total absence of administrative and coordinating ability in the White House during the last six years is being similarly felt in every department of the Government.

WE are delighted to learn from an official statement that what remains of the American Peace Commission in Paris "has decided after mature deliberation to approve the Peace Treaty with Germany executed at Versailles." We had judged from their silence that they were seething with discontent, on the verge of a general strike, if not straight-out mutiny. In our mind's eye we had had visions of their marching down the Rue de Rivoli, with Frank Polk at their head, bearing banners reading, "Down with Wilson and the Fake Treaty"; "Ten Thousand Dollars Reward for Fourteen Lost Points"; "Where Do We Go Safely from Here?" But it seems we allowed the known discontent of General Bliss and Henry White to mislead us into forgetting that official loyalty is official loyalty and that it matters not what you think and feel within your own heart; if you are on the Government's payroll you must "boil within"—and outwardly stand by the chief. So we are now, thanks to the pronunciamento from the Peace Commission, freed from the fear of more truth-telling after the manner of Mr. Bullitt. To him, by the way, we owe this solemn reassuring message from the Hotel Crillon, and undoubtedly Mr. Robert Lansing's appeal of Saturday to the country to ratify the treaty in all its wickedness without loss of time.

THE peace terms presented by the Entente Allies to Bulgaria are less interesting and illuminating than those laid on Germany and Austria. The same general principle runs through all—that of a dictated peace which seeks "all that the traffic will bear." From the published summary of the terms, however, Bulgaria seems to get off better than the Teutonic Powers which she joined with such calculating political thrift at a time when she thought their victory assured. Germany was reduced from a first to a second-class power, and Austria was left as an isolated province, a fragment out of the disrupted Hapsburg empire. Bulgaria, except for slight territorial concessions to Serbia, loses only western Thrace, which was the booty left to her at the end of the Balkan Wars, and which affords her an outlet to the Ægean Sea. As this is recently acquired and long-disputed territory, and as Bulgaria is promised an outlet to the sea, the loss is not crushing. Bulgaria must also find 50,000 tons of coal annually for five years for Jugoslavia, and is assessed by the Entente Allies with an indemnity of some $500,000,000. This sum, the treaty suggests, is inadequate, but is all that the framers of the document think they can squeeze out of the country. The Bulgarian army is not to exceed 20,000 men, and conscription and universal military training are to be abolished. It is interesting to note that the victors go on imposing these salutary provisions on the vanquished while piling the burden of even larger armies and navies on themselves. After all, there is some advantage in losing a war.

IN spite of the President's perfervid assurance that the future of American foreign trade depends upon ratification of his nostrum, our commerce with Germany, Austria, and Hungary appears to be picking up very nicely without any treaty at all. The Department of Commerce has given out figures showing that for the seven months ending with July, the United States exported nearly thirty-two million dollars' worth of goods to those countries, as against nothing for the same period last year. Our imports came to something like a million and a half. Of course these amounts are a mere fraction of the pre-war figures. In trade, as elsewhere, politics has but a factitious influence and one which can be best eliminated, probably, by a long course of patient neglect. We have the temerity to believe that if the Paris proceedings were merely brushed aside and forgotten, the sweet influences of Pleiades would remain unbound, that Mazzaroth would still be brought forth in his season and Arcturus guided with his sons; and we think that Richard Cobden's wisest utterance was that the peace of the world depends upon "as much intercourse as possible betwixt peoples and as little as possible betwixt governments." We believe that if all the political activity in the world were suddenly suspended or polarized, the Yankee peddler would still somehow manage to swap bacon for beans or soap for sadirons, and make a reasonably good thing of it. In this connection we remark reports in the newspapers of the astonishing activity at this year's session of the great Nizhni-Novgorod fair. We wish everyone might read the account in *The Sun* (New York) of September 3, for the sake of the light it throws upon Russia's solvency. The fair did a record-breaking business of more than sixty million dollars during its six weeks' session, and less than one per cent. of last year's sales remain (on their peculiar twelve-month credit system) unsettled. It may be remarked, too, that Nizhni-Novgorod has been uninterruptedly under Soviet control from the beginning.

WHILE the blessed peace makers of Paris are doing their best to perpetuate the hatreds and misunderstandings of the war, plain, plebeian, selfish, unsentimental trade is thus at work healing the wounds which the politicians would keep open. Despite insistent propaganda, the effort to boycott German merchandise not only has been forgotten in America and England, but seems to have collapsed also in France, where inbred sentiment was most strongly on its side. This result was inevitable in any circumstances, but has been hastened by the depreciation of the franc in the American and British market and the consequently vastly increased cost of French purchases in those countries. Thus we note in a Paris despatch to *The Sun* (New York): "The assertion of Louis Klotz, the French Finance Minister, that French trade must be shifted to countries having a favorable exchange rate, meaning Germany, finds no dissenters." The French Government itself

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has set the example by ordering a quantity of knitting machinery from Germany. When the first ship from Germany since the war entered New York harbor a short time since with seventy-five tons of cut glass, not a voice was raised, and the arrival of a considerable miscellaneous cargo from Hamburg last week was recorded by one newspaper with the statement that it revived "talk of the future of German trade with the United States." The doctrine that trade follows the flag finds little evidence to support it nowadays. Trade, as always, seeks to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. It follows the needs of humanity and tries to supply them, and where it has not called upon the politicians to bribe and bully in its fancied interest, has been a spreader of civilization.

IT is hard to extract a modicum of truth out of the week's budget of rumor and propaganda concerning Russia. The Supreme Council at Paris apparently declines to foot the Polish bills any longer, and these associated Polish democrats of ours, having carried their war of self-defence two hundred miles into Russian territory, are to stop where they are or else face our unfailing weapon—the blockade. A special Paris dispatch to *The Sun* (New York) declares that Lithuania and Esthonia are to be allowed to make peace with Soviet Russia, and the Lithuanian delegation at Paris finds it necessary to deny that peace negotiations have already begun, while Bassett Digby cables from Stockholm that Lithuania, Esthonia, and Latvia are about to make "extensive mutual concessions with Moscow." A misleading statement emanating from a British official to the effect that the Supreme Council has decided to adopt the British policy regarding Russia—whatever that may be—leads the correspondent of *The Morning Post* to remark tartly that either Philip Kerr has "deliberately misinformed the press on a point of fact and not on a point of opinion, or the French Foreign Office, the Italian peace delegation, and the American peace delegation have been guilty of deliberate misstatement." One bit of downright honesty we have pleasure in recording—the action of the Seattle stevedores who refused to load on the steamer Delight arms and munitions destined for Siberia. That ship was well named. We congratulate the stevedores.

A STRIKING demonstration of the recent progress of the Zionist movement was afforded by the convention held in Chicago last week. Although meeting at a considerable distance from the large centres of Jewry in the East, the Chicago convention attracted over 700 delegates and many times that number of visitors who came to express their adherence to Zionism or their interest in it. The influence of Justice Brandeis, who was present at the convention and was enthusiastically acclaimed by it, was felt throughout the deliberations. As a result of his recent visit to Palestine, the political aspect of the movement was pushed somewhat into the background, the convention accepting the assurance of Professor Felix Frankfurter that the political prospects of Palestine were favorable to Zionist aspirations. Instead, the concrete and immediate question of the physical rehabilitation of the Holy Land was placed in the foreground. The recommendations adopted by the convention emphasized the need of preparing Palestine to receive a larger immigration, of stamping out disease, particularly the disastrous malarial fever which has gained new ground as a result of the war, and of creating wider economic opportunities for present and prospective settlers. The convention decided to collect a large fund for these purposes, all sections of Jewry, regardless of their affiliation with the Zionist movement, being called upon to participate in the common task of rebuilding Palestine. The success of the work which the Zionists are now about to undertake on a large scale will not only mean the realization of the Zionist hope to which the Jews have clung with remarkable tenacity during the many centuries of their dispersion, but it will also prove, if the movement be wisely directed, a powerful stimulus toward the rejuvenation of the entire Near East.

PRESIDENT MEIKLEJOHN announces that three distinguished English scholars will join the faculty of Amherst College for a brief period during the coming academic year or the year following. Amherst is to be congratulated on securing the services of three such men as Ernest Barker, R. H. Tawney, and Henry Clay. The business of exchange professorships in the past has been far too much a matter of sending distinguished scholars to serve as purveyors of compliments to the universities and especially to the official classes of the countries to which they were accredited. Now that the American and British Governments are trying to set up their League of Nations to dominate the world, there is more need than ever for the liberal forces of the English-speaking peoples to work together. We need to understand better the identity of spirit and purpose between progressive American and British thought. The coming of independent, fearless, sound British scholars is therefore to be welcomed as an event of real importance. We cannot have too many of them.

IN no respect has literature suffered more definitely during the past five years of violence and chaos than in the practical disappearance of inexpensive editions of good books, which just before the war were thriving even in England and America as they had long been thriving on the European Continent. A good many of the popular series themselves have survived, but the prices have been advanced, even doubled or trebled. In the United States this has had the effect of tempting us—thanks also to the increased cost of living and the deplorable conditions of our retail book trade—still further to indulge ourselves in our national sin of reading magazines instead of books. This is a definite loss. From the very nature of the situation writings which are permanent thus suffer more than ever from the rivalry of the ephemeral. In Russia the Soviet Government has undertaken to make the entire literature of the world easily accessible to the people, and in England energetic voices are now demanding more and better reprints of the national classics. Such schemes under governmental direction might, of course, be of propagandist character. We could imagine some of our American tories trying to suppress, say, Jefferson or Thoreau or Whitman or Henry George; or some of the roaring radicals willing to leave on the shelf such bourgeois figures as Franklin, Washington, Emerson, or Lowell. Proper judges, however, would not find it too hard to agree. Is there no coalition of publishers willing to pool their copyrights and issue a really monumental series of American classics, such as the Italians, for instance, have excelled in? That it would render a great national service there is no manner of doubt, and it would have an excellent chance to be profitable.

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A Colossal Humbug

WE refer to the League of Nations. President Wilson must wonder where to look for his friends. Lord Robert Cecil said the other day in an address to the International Brotherhood Congress that "it is not the League of Nations covenant itself but its underlying spirit that can save humanity and civilization," and further that "if we rely on the provisions of the covenant to preserve peace we shall be living in a fool's paradise."

These lukewarm observations once more raise the question, Just what will the League do and what will it not do? President Wilson goes about the country advertising its virtues in the pure vein of Dr. Dulcamara in the *Elisir d'Amore*. Meanwhile, Ian MacPherson, the British Chief Secretary for Ireland, says that "when Great Britain signed the armistice terms, she agreed to President Wilson's principles, including the right of self-determination for small nations, but she did not agree to the application of this principle within the British Empire." Some instinct told us that this was the case, even before we had it in black and white; but no matter, the point is that this seems to "let out" Ireland, Egypt, and India, league or no league. The President says with reference to Ireland that the League sets up a forum before which can be brought all claims for self-determination which are likely to affect the peace of the world. But the Irishman is not interested in forums; he carries his forum with him all the time. Where two or three are gathered together, there is the Irishman's forum. If the Irish question could be settled by wind-power, it would have disappeared long ago. Besides, there is a plenty of forums; there is a fine one at the Hague, not much used, and in shape to take on tenants at any time. As a forum, the League project seems superfluous.

And now, to confuse us further, comes Professor Gilbert Murray, saying that the League "does not put the world at the mercy of the Big Five; it is there already." We doubt this; we think that when the world gets around to it, it will succeed in convincing the Big Five to the contrary, with little trouble. "Without the League," says Professor Murray, "the Big Five would be so many robber chieftains." We agree heartily; that is just what we think they are. We have hesitated to say it in those words, though they have often occurred to us, because we felt that we lacked authority; but the phraseology of the Regius Professor of Greek, the successor of Jowett and Bywater, is entitled to all our respect and shall have it—in this case, enthusiastically. But what pesters us is, how is the League of Nations going to convert and regenerate these robber chieftains and change their hearts? Perhaps Mr. Murray would say that it will not pretend to do anything so spectacular as that, but only disarm them and render them innocuous. Quite so; but just as we get our hopes sustained on that idea, along comes Lord Robert Cecil again and ruins them with a word—thus:

> The composition of the league will be determined at the peace conference. Definitely untrustworthy and hostile States, e.g., Russia, should the Bolshevist government remain in power, should be excluded. Otherwise it is desirable not to be too rigid in scrutinizing qualifications, since the small powers will in any case not exercise any considerable influence.

If the mouths of the Big Five must be held with bit and bridle, and the small Powers will not exercise any considerable influence, who, we may ask, is going to do the job? It seems to us that Professor Murray and Lord Robert, between them—to say nothing of Mr. Wilson—have cross-lifted the League into the limbo of improbability and fictitiousness and general scientific disrepute.

The future looks a little dark for China, too, in reference to Shantung; for while the Peace Conference could not go back on the sacredness of treaties (though, as we confessed in our last issue, at some length, we can not quite see how this contention is made out) the League of Nations will either start with a clean slate or else without any scruples; and China is to apply to the League for redress. We should like to be more optimistic about her chances than we are. It all comes of our inveterate habit of reading the foreign dispatches. Just as we are all comfortably warmed through with Mr. Wilson's rhetoric, and ready to take our ease in this best of all possible worlds, we pick up an evening edition and get a dash of cold water from Fiume or Hungary, or from Mr. Murray or Lord Robert Cecil, and we are in the dumps again and full of anxious questionings about what this League of Nations *will* really do, and whom, and how, and when, and we can not be sure of any answers, and our head gets thick and incompetent, and we are very unhappy. Such is the curse of an inquiring mind.

In our plight, however, we take a deal of comfort from the antics of our lively friends on the other side who have learned, apparently, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and that the League of Nations is a thing pre-eminently to be forestalled. From recent precedents we judge that the practical way is for some poet or piano-player to make sure he has national sentiment behind him, then to gather together an assortment of picturesque ragamuffins, march into the territory he wants, camp down on it, and stay. Fiume is a diverting spectacle, these days; all the more so because the Supreme Council has gently but firmly declined to burn its fingers on the uncommonly delicate problem involved. Nor can we quite see the League of Nations tackling it. What a mercy it is that Mr. Wilson's audiences are unimaginative and do not read the foreign press, for otherwise he would never finish his tour.

Then there is Danzig. The Fiume incident has evidently encouraged some virtuoso in that region to contemplate a similar raid on the newly-acquired preserves of his professional *confrère* Paderewski. The news is in the papers, but as we go to press, the actual coup has not come off. Then there was the alert and thrifty move of little Rumania. The small Powers may not, as Lord Robert Cecil says, exercise much influence in the League of Nations, but outside it they sometimes exercise a good deal. Rumania exercised enough influence in Hungary, for instance, to carry off everything that lay handy, and the Supreme Council either could not or did not take any effective action. What the League could have done better in the premises, if it had been a going concern, is not clear; since the League and the Supreme Council are, for practical purposes, one and the same. These things conduce to skepticism. The late P. T. Barnum used to say that the American people enjoyed being humbugged, and he proposed to gratify them. They may have lost character since then, though Mr. Wilson, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the great showman has undoubtedly fallen, appears to think not. The popular success of the League project will determine whether he is right.

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The Quest of Industrial Peace

NEVER, in all probability, was the strike situation in the United States more serious than now; never were its features more significant. In the steel industry, capital and labor have come to grips. There has been a series of wage increases almost without precedent. Our industrial captains, conscious of their crumbling power over labor, have made one concession after another as to wages, hours, even shop control. Despite all, unrest increases and strikes multiply; they spring from every cause and no cause. And now comes our world-beating presidential prestidigitator, snatching a few brief moments from the great international shell game by which he seeks to preserve unbroken the heart of the world. He asks our attention, addresses to us a brief homily on the virtues of work, exhorts us to redouble our exertions, and adjures us in no case to lay down our tools until he shall have time to draw from his hat his celebrated programmeless industrial conference, guaranteed to grow and blossom under our eyes into a new heaven and a new earth. Samuel Gompers, trusty man Friday to the presidential Crusoe, seconds his master right nobly, and all the old labor leaders join the big and the little chief in sitting on the lid.

All in vain. A veritable epidemic of strikes rages. The granting of one set of demands leads only to a fresh set. Labor, drunk with power, seems willing to wreck the industrial machine if necessary to attain its ends. Small wonder that many honest and thoughtful employers, not only desirous of maintaining their own profits but genuinely eager to advance the public welfare, and conscious of the importance of competent management in industry, are beginning to set their teeth and declare grimly that it is time for a "showdown" on the whole labor question. Something like this, perhaps, is the explanation of Judge Gary's extraordinary position. Yet that way lies destruction; for it means only a temporary settlement by violence, and then rancor, hatred, and renewed strife. Is there no way out? Must our quest of industrial peace be forever vain? The query lends special importance to the claims put forward by the advocates of certain proposed new industrial arrangements.

In a description of the experiment in employees' control (*pace* the War Department and Secretary Baker) of the Rock Island arsenal harness shop, published in *The Nation* for September 13, occurs this striking passage:

> A distinct change has come in the type of leadership which the local unions now seek. In conditions of conflict between employees and employers, the unions inevitably seek aggressive leaders, good fighters; now the requirements of successful leadership are distinctly different, and the first requirement is ability as an intelligent producing workman. . . . It is the change on the part of the employee from a unit in an organization primarily militant to a unit in an organization primarily productive.

The United Mine Workers, at their Cleveland convention described elsewhere in this number, appointed a committee to confer with the railroad Brotherhoods in forwarding the Plumb plan and a programme of national ownership and operation of the mines. They, too, it is stated, quickly discovered that they needed a new type of leaders for this work —not fighters, but production engineers.

The Plumb plan itself, once it is really understood, offers a clear illustration of this new thing which, its advocates maintain, holds out promise of peace. The essence of the plan, they declare, is service at cost, and it is this idea that has given it its driving force. The Brotherhoods have not yet succeeded in presenting a satisfactory device for fixing wages and safeguarding the public from possible overcharges; their opponents have therefore represented their plan as a scheme for letting labor fix any wages it may please, and making the public pay the bill. The Brotherhoods reply that their plan, on the contrary, is an attempt to get rid of all monopoly charges in transportation and to furnish that necessary of life at cost, under a system that will tend constantly to reduce cost; and that in cutting out exploitation it will make for industrial peace.

Our present strife, they declare, is rooted in the struggle for surplus. Business is conducted for profits to investors. Profits are sometimes large; and large or small they naturally enough appear to labor as something to be wrested from their receivers by contest or attack. Hence the endless industrial war. The Plumb plan, the proposals of the miners, and the scheme of the British building trades described in *The Nation* of September 6, one and all are said to have the same design—to substitute service in place of profits as the driving force in industry. The Brotherhoods and the miners propose in each instance to nationalize the monopoly which lies at the base of their industry, thus cutting out the power to make private monopoly profits; and then to run the industry at cost, so that there will be no profits to fight for. Such an arrangement would not bring in the millennium, and it would unquestionably present extremely serious new problems; but it would, in their view, cut squarely at the root of the existing industrial strife.

It is worth noting that the men advocating these plans are not doing it as socialists or single-taxers or syndicalists. They are not "anarchists" or "Bolsheviks" or even "foreign agitators." Their movement is not created by propaganda. It is simply the American manifestation of a world-wide phenomenon. Wherever industry is conducted for private profits, there we witness on the part of labor a struggle to seize those profits. All attempts at patch-work or evasion, whether by profit-sharing or by other devices that leave the industrial basis unmodified, leave this fundamental cause of strife untouched. The thoughtful and candid student of affairs will not forget this fact any more than he will forget the great services rendered to the world by the existing industrial order.

Like so much of present-day social life, this new movement appears to be the product of more or less spontaneous mass action. Its agents certainly will not all be good; its methods will not all be wise; its experiments will not all be successful. But if the rich and great, the wise and powerful of the world are genuinely concerned for the establishment of peace and prosperity rather than for the maintenance of their own place and power, they will turn their eyes thoughtfully toward the quarter where the workings of this strange new force can be discerned. Within the brief space of a year it has breathed the breath of life into the American labor movement, theretofore almost consumed with dry-rot. To the American business man, the engineer and organizer who dreams of constructive work rather than of bootless struggle for spoils, it offers a fascinating opportunity to take part in the new task of building up a real industrial democracy.

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Mr. Bullitt's Testimony

AS was to have been expected, Mr. William C. Bullitt's truth-telling before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has brought down upon his head violent denunciations of his alleged breach of confidences, although Professor E. T. Williams and other witnesses had previously testified quite freely to private conversations with President Wilson and others without having their ethical standards attacked in the slightest degree. Mr. Bullitt's report of Mr. Lansing's private opinion of the treaty gave the President's supporters in the press precisely the opportunity they desired to obscure Mr. Bullitt's testimony, which is full of facts far more important than any opinion of Mr. Lansing's, by raising a cloud of dust as to the propriety of his acts. No newspaper has printed Mr. Bullitt's testimony in full or even in generous part; there were only three press representatives present when he testified, and he has had the invariable experience of having his testimony misquoted and altered, and interviews attributed to him which he never gave. It is this fact which makes so interesting the denials which have come from the other side. Mr. Kerr, Mr. Lloyd George's secretary, denies, for instance, certain statements that have appeared in a Paris newspaper; what relation that publication has to Mr. Bullitt's testimony, no man knows at present. Similarly the denials in the name of Mr. Lloyd George mean on their face nothing more, as some of the British newspapers have pointed out, than Mr. Lloyd George's sticking to the time-honored European diplomatic custom of disavowing an agent unofficial, semi-official, or official, when he blurts out something that is embarrassing to his employer. People will, of course, continue to disagree as to whether Mr. Bullitt should have allowed the Foreign Affairs Committee to extract from him the conversation with Mr. Lansing or not. But no candid man who examines the testimony and documents given by Mr. Bullitt to the Senate Committee, about the authenticity of which there is no question, can fail to agree that he has rendered a notable service.

It is precisely because the pro-Wilson and pro-League press has refused to give to its readers the facts of Mr. Bullitt's testimony, other than the Lansing quotations, that we are giving so much space to his report. We plan to publish additional matter relating to the Russian situation in our International Relations Section of next week. Mr. Bullitt proves beyond peradventure that the only one of President Wilson's own contributions to the covenant of the League of Nations that survived was that very Article X about which we have had such violent discussions, and have finally obtained from Mr. Wilson the assurance that it does not mean what almost everybody else thinks it does. Barring this article, everything in the American drafts was abandoned in favor of the British draft, and the final document was produced by the hitherto unknown David Hunter Miller, of New York City, and a British expert, Mr. S. J. B. Hurst. Again, Mr. Bullitt proves beyond question that it was President Wilson who stuck out to the end against democratic representation on the League's council. He was for making the council consist of the diplomatic representatives of the various nations—of all people in the world!

It is now beyond question that Mr. Bullitt went to Russia with definite proposals for peace, handed to him not, it now appears, in the handwriting of Philip Kerr, but in formal typewriting. Whether these proposals were shown to Lenin is not clear, but it is a fact that Mr. Bullitt brought back word that the Russians were ready to make peace on the basis of terms that bore a most astonishing likeness to those which Mr. Kerr put together as being those which the British Government would accept—in his opinion, of course. Putting any interpretation upon it that you please, when it is remembered that Mr. Lloyd George was cognizant of this and that he breakfasted with Mr. Bullitt and General Smuts immediately after the former's return from Russia, it is perfectly obvious that Mr. Lloyd George has been guilty of his accustomed prevarication in asserting that he had no knowledge of Mr. Bullitt's mission and in denying any *rapprochement* between the Allies and the Soviet Government. The responsibility for refusing to act upon his report Mr. Bullitt lays squarely at the doors of Mr. Wilson, Colonel House informing him that, as the President had a one-track mind, he could not stop to consider Russian affairs, being just then engaged with German matters; so the Bullitt report was suppressed. Finally, it is interesting to note in this sad picture of what went on in Paris that the French, after agreeing to the Prinkipo proposal, deliberately defeated it by telling the Ukrainian and other anti-soviet governments that, if they would refuse to take part, they (the French) would support them and do all they could to prevent a peace with Lenin. And then Mr. Wilson has the face to inform the people of this country that what went on at Paris betokens a new order of world morality and has nothing in common with the making of peace at the end of the Napoleonic era!

Local Color and After

THE classical episode of "local color" in American fiction may now be said to have ended. In its heyday, from Bret Harte to O. Henry, it dominated all our imaginative production and occupied all our territory. From California, where Bret Harte had had an opportunity to observe the peculiarities of almost every sectional type transplanted, the manner spread backwards to the older settlements, to Mrs. Stowe and her followers in New England, to Cable in Louisiana, to Richard Malcolm Johnston in Georgia, to Constance Fenimore Woolson in the Great Lakes region, to Henry James in his international triangle New York-London-Paris, to Philander Deming in the Adirondacks, to Joel Chandler Harris among the older Negroes, to Charles Egbert Craddock in the Tennessee mountains, to Octave Thanet and Mark Twain along the Mississippi, to Page in Virginia, to James Lane Allen in Kentucky, to Hamlin Garland in Wisconsin, to Richard Harding Davis in Latin America, to Mrs. Deland in Pennsylvania, to Jack London in the Pacific islands and Alaska, and then to O. Henry, who took all America to be his province but New York for his merry capital. And these are only the outstanding names among many. Most of them, thanks to the national fondness for magazines, which in turn they increased and directed, and thanks also to the difficulty of rivalling British novels, which could be imported without danger from protective tariff or (during most of the period) from copyright, turned to the short story as their mode of art. Their dimensions thus encouraged them to chronicle little things—little plots, little scenes, little characters. Poe

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had bequeathed to them the doctrine of the rounded narrative, of the single impression, and they could not, limited as they were by the American unities of brevity and action, employ too broad a canvas or advance with too long a stride.

These limitations may be thought of as inhering in the form employed, but they were also multiplied by the cult of local color which speedily grew up. For in the thing so called, emphasis from the first was laid upon the adjective rather than upon the noun. The Civil War had left behind it a passionate legacy of sectional attachments, political in the South, but everywhere self-conscious. The decision of arms had been for union, but, as always, memory lagged behind events, cherishing still fondly, and only a little more fondly in the South than elsewhere, the peculiar forms and colors of the old régime. As it happened, however, the nation was even more homogeneous than it knew, and consequently the local singularities which could be observed at all were more or less surface singularities, minor differences in accent or gesture, and little more. The pursuit of local color was therefore a meticulous kind of research, bound, since there were few deeper distinctions, to content itself with shallower ones. Triviality of observation had little to discourage it. In every section the local patriotism, and the local appetite for seeing oneself in print, made smooth the path of any writer of tolerable skill; while different sections read eagerly about one another in that mood of national expansiveness which gradually grew upon the whole country as it became imaginatively aware of the enormous territory now being welded into a federal unity of spirit as well as of administration. It is little to be doubted that the triviality of observation which thus satisfied so many readers is connected with the strongly, often stiflingly, domestic atmosphere which hangs over most of these stories. As Americans were generally a nomadic people, any writer who wrote about a community long enough established to have manners of its own had to write about the village concerns of that part of the population which had been too conservative—often too dull or timid—to move about over the country after the manner of the bolder spirits. Satire might have made much out of their narrow lives, or tragedy might have done it. But our national aversion from both satire and tragedy still further limited the treatment; and the little comedies and idyls which remained to be done have many of them already begun to fade. What seemed local color seems now provincial color, or parochial.

About 1900 there was much talk of "continentalizing" our literature. Frank Norris tried to carry it out in his massive Epic of the Wheat, and planned another trilogy on Gettysburg which should sum up the total spirit of America. Success may possibly lie in that direction, but it has certainly not yet been reached. And our writers of short stories, having moved considerably away from mere local color, have grown no more national or universal in their elaboration of the technique of surprise and shock. On the whole, the torch which the local colorists carried seems to have been passed on to the poets: Robert Frost, for instance, in whose poetry there is more of essential tragedy and idyl than in all the older short stories of New England; Edgar Lee Masters, satirist and mystic, who has made Spoon River an American village which belongs to the world; and Vachel Lindsay, whose ardent gospel of the New Localism continues the old tradition but clearly raises it to a higher plane of the imagination.

On the Chief Value of a Vacation

OUR readers shall have the secret at once. The chief value of a vacation is that it serves as an excuse for not knowing about almost any current topic in regard to which you have been too lazy or too hurried or too indifferent to inform yourself.

For instance, your friend Smith starts a discussion of the work of the poet Piffle, and you hazard the hope that his next poem may be as good as his latest one. This seems a safe remark for one who has not read Piffle's latest and has no intention of reading his next, but Smith looks at you scornfully and says: "Why, Piffle's dead. Do you mean to say you didn't read about it in the papers last August?" Of course you don't mean to say any such thing. If you did, you wouldn't dare to with Smith looking at you that way. Instead, you hide your confusion as well as possible and—if you know the chief value of a vacation—reply easily: "Is that so? Not odd that I missed it though. Must have happened while I was away on my vacation. It's curious how things like that keep bobbing up long afterward and taking us by surprise."

Or your friend Brown recalls the strategy of the naval engagement off the Auckland Islands—or was it the Falkland Islands?—of which you remember not a detail. You do not wish, however, to lose prestige as an authority on current history, and you can always withdraw to positions previously prepared, thus: "You know I missed that engagement. I was off in the country away from the newspapers at the time, and history moves so fast nowadays that somehow I never did quite catch up with the affair."

Of course there are some persons who have no right to fall back on such an excuse because when they go off for a vacation they are so foolish as to accept the advice, "Let your home newspaper follow you to the seashore or the mountains." Such persons deserve no help, for certainly if the chief value of a vacation is an excuse for otherwise inexcusable ignorance, the next best thing is the actual relief from reading the newspapers—the delectable chance not to know about lots of things one ought to know about. It is only the person who follows such practice, of course, who has a moral right to use his vacation as a blanket excuse for his ignorance. For such a one a reasonable elasticity regarding the time and extent of his outing is legitimate. It is a general deficiency bill that covers many discrepancies.

And it is a commentary on the ephemeral and inconsequential character of most of what appears in our daily press that one can bury himself in the backwoods for days and weeks and emerge to find himself perfectly at home with the next morning's news. There it all is just as he left it: bandits achieve the regular daily hold-up in New York and escape in an automobile; a strike is impending in the building trades for a fifty per cent. increase in wages; the governor is about to take drastic action against the food profiteers; a Chicago banker has returned from Cape Town with an eye-witness story of the excesses of the Bolsheviki; the ladies of the Fourth Baptist Church discuss reconstruction in Persia; the attorney general has unearthed evidence which he is sure will result in jail sentences for the officers of the Toothbrush Trust.

It is all so easy to come back to that sometimes one feels he could forego it without loss indefinitely. But of course he could not; it would deprive him of the pleasure of doing it occasionally—and of the chief value of a vacation.

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Behind the Scenes at Paris

THE statement of William C. Bullitt before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as published by the Government Printing Office at Washington, covers 138 closely-printed pages. It comprises a stenographic record of Mr. Bullitt's direct testimony, and also the following twenty-six documents:

On the League of Nations:

(a) Plan of Lord Robert Cecil.
(b) Typewritten draft of President Wilson's original plan.
(c) Printed draft of the President's original plan, with comments and suggestions of Messrs. David Hunter Miller and Gordon Auchincloss.
(d) Draft of the President's second proposal, showing changes made in his original plan.
(e) Draft supposed to have been prepared by Mr. Miller and British law experts.

On Russia:

(f) Credentials of Mr. Bullitt as American representative in Russia.
(g) Minutes of meeting of the Council of Ten, January 16, 1919.
(h) Memorandum of Mr. Bullitt to Col. House on withdrawal of American troops from Archangel.
(i) Minutes of meeting of the Council of Ten, January 21, 1919.
(j) Note to Mr. Bullitt from Philip Kerr, secretary to Mr. Lloyd George, on acceptable conditions of peace with soviet Government.
(k) Peace proposal of the soviet Government.
(l) Mr. Bullitt's report to the President concerning his mission to Russia.
(m) Reply to the peace proposal of the soviet Government, prepared by Mr. Bullitt.
(n) Letter of Dr. Nansen to the President, proposing a food-relief plan for Russia.
(o) Draft of reply to Dr. Nansen, prepared by Mr. Bullitt.
(p) Draft of reply to Dr. Nansen, prepared by Messrs. Miller and Auchincloss.
(q) Letter of Mr. Bullitt on the Miller-Auchincloss proposal.
(r) Final form of reply, signed by President Wilson, Premiers Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando, to Dr. Nansen.
(s) Draft of telegram to the soviet Foreign Minister Chicherin, proposed by Mr. Bullitt.
(t) Action of American Commission on proposed telegram to Chicherin.
(u) Statement of Mr. Lloyd George to the British Parliament.
(v) Mr. Bullitt's letter of resignation to President Wilson.
(w) Mr. Bullitt's letter of resignation to Col. House.
(x) Extracts from Mr. Bullitt's notes on conversation with Secretary Lansing.
(y) Report of Lincoln Steffens.
(z) Three reports of Capt. W. W. Pettit, who was Mr. Bullitt's associate in Russia.

We reprint these titles at length for the sake of showing the wealth of informative first-hand material that lies buried in the pages of this Government publication; and also by implication to show how small a part of it appeared in the press reports of Mr. Bullitt's testimony. We ourselves cannot do full justice to the public in this respect, since we have not space enough to reproduce even the most important of these documents entire. We propose in this article, however, to indicate certain comparisons and to reproduce enough of the original material to establish a number of points upon which the public is either misinformed or imperfectly informed.

First, with regard to the League of Nations. It appears from the testimony, on the authority of Colonel House, that when President Wilson entered the Peace Conference, he had formulated a covenant of his own (Document b) which he presented and used as a basis of discussion with M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George, and Lord Robert Cecil, on January 10, 1919. After this proposal was printed, it was turned over to Messrs. David Hunter Miller and Gordon Auchincloss, who returned it with comments and suggestions (Document c). The President then took it and made certain changes in it (Document d); and when Mr. Bullitt left Paris for Berne, it was under discussion. When he returned a week later, it had been entirely discarded; he did not know why. In its place, a draft (Document e) prepared by British experts, assisted by Mr. Miller, and largely based on Lord Robert Cecil's recommendations, was under discussion. The final fate of the President's proposals was as follows (page 1233 of the record):

Senator Knox. . . . In your judgment, you having been in daily touch with these negotiations and being in the confidence of Colonel House, and it being your duty to gather up all the information that it was possible to gather for dissemination among the American members of the commission, what do you regard as the President's greatest contribution to this league covenant?

Mr. Bullitt. So far as I know, in the final form of the league the only proposal of the President which remains more or less intact is article 10.*

On page 1278 of the record we find:

Senator Brandegee. Do you know from what you heard while you were there in your official capacity whether the other nations were anxious to have article 10 in the covenant for the league?

Mr. Bullitt. The French were not only anxious for it, but I believe were anxious greatly to strengthen it. They desired immediately a league army to be established, and I believe also to be stationed in Alsace-Lorraine and along the Rhine, in addition to article 10. I can not say for certain about the others.

From the American point of view, therefore, the foregoing appears to show very little except Mr. Wilson's remarkable talent for acquiescence. The history of the covenant brings out the striking fact that it was Mr. Wilson who opposed the idea of democratic representation in the central organ of the league. He held out strongly that this central assembly should be made up of the diplomatic representatives of the various countries. Four days before the President read the draft of the League in open session on February 13, this provision was still in the covenant, but was amended in accordance with a memorandum prepared by Mr. Bullitt at the request of Colonel House. On previous occasions, Mr. Bullitt testified:

The President expressed himself as heartily in sympathy with the idea but as unable to believe it practical; and Gen. Smuts, I recall, in the meeting of the committee urged it very strongly.

* Article 10 is as follows: The High Contracting Powers agree that should disputes arise between them which can not be adjusted by the ordinary processes of diplomacy, they will in no case resort to armed force without previously submitting the questions and matters involved either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Executive Council and until three months after that award by the arbitrators or a recommendation by the Executive Council; and that they will not even then resort to armed force as against a member of the League which complies with the award of the arbitrators or the recommendation of the Executive Council.

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Col. House approved of it. Lord Robert Cecil had proposed something of the sort in his original proposition, but was apathetic. The President was finally opposed to it. Later the matter was brought up again, when Lord Robert Cecil, Gen. Smuts and Col. House all favored it—all favored the inclusion of a representative body—when the President opposed it, and by his opposition, of course, defeated it (page 1231).

So much for the share of the United States in the construction of the League of Nations covenant. The contention, whatever it amounts to, that in its final form the covenant is a British production seems to be well founded. Now, as to the peace treaty, it seems that President Wilson, whatever his luck in having his own way with foreign delegates, succeeded admirably in overriding his own associates on the Peace Commission. The treaty is a minority document, sponsored by a minority of one:

The Chairman. Did any member of our delegation, any member of the council of 10, express to you any opinions about the general character of this treaty?

Mr. Bullitt. Well, Mr. Lansing, Col. House, Gen. Bliss and Mr. White had all expressed to me very vigorously their opinions on the subject.

The Chairman. Were they enthusiastically in favor of it?

Mr. Bullitt. I regret to say, not. . . . It is no secret that Mr. Lansing, Gen. Bliss and Mr. Henry White objected very vigorously to the numerous provisions of the treaty (page 1276).

Mr. Bullitt had a conversation with the Secretary of State on May 19, and dictated a note on it immediately afterward. Part of this conversation has been published; but the most important statement in it is this:

Mr. Lansing then said that he, too, considered many parts of the treaty thoroughly bad, particularly those dealing with Shantung and the League of Nations. He said: "I consider that the league of nations at present is entirely useless. The great powers have simply gone ahead and arranged the world to suit themselves. England and France in particular have gotten out of the treaty everything that they wanted, and the league of nations can do nothing to alter any of the unjust clauses of the treaty except by unanimous consent of the members of the league, and the great powers will never give their consent to changes in the interests of weaker peoples."

The fact could not be better stated, and in discerning it Mr. Lansing deserves handsome credit for perspicacity.

We then talked about the possibility of ratification by the Senate. Mr. Lansing said: "I believe that if the Senate could only understand what this treaty means, and if the American people could really understand, it would unquestionably be defeated, but I wonder if they will ever understand what it lets them in for" (pp 1276-1277).

The answer is obvious. Let Mr. Lansing come forward and tell the Senate and the American people what the treaty means. No one is in a better position to do this inestimable service and it is not yet too late, by any means. Let Mr. Henry White and General Bliss come forward, too. Why should these gentlemen finally put a thoroughly disreputable political loyalty above loyalty to what, out of their own mouth, is judged to be the primary interest of the American people? Mr. Bullitt has shown that his patriotism means loyalty to the people of his country and not to its office-holders. He has done his duty laudably; now let these other gentlemen do theirs. If they will make one speaking tour, and talk to the people as informally and vigorously as they seem to have done to Mr. Bullitt, there is no danger that anybody will fail to understand what the treaty means.

The Fourteen Points are mentioned once only in Mr. Bullitt's testimony, and in a very peculiar and interesting connection, bearing very distinctly upon what Mr. Lansing said about the League of Nations as a safeguard to the interest of weaker peoples:

The Chairman. Mr. Bullitt, we had before us at one of our hearings a representative of the Egyptian people. Do you know anything about that, when it was done, or any discussions about it? I mean the clauses that appear in regard to the British protectorate.

Mr. Bullitt. You mean our agreement to recognize the British protectorate in Egypt?

The Chairman. It was recognized by this treaty in those clauses.

Mr. Bullitt. Yes; but we gave a sort of assent before the treaty formally came out, did we not? I recall the morning it was done. It was handled by Sir William Wiseman, who was the confidential representative that Lloyd George and Balfour had constantly with Col. House and the President. He was a sort of extra confidential foreign office. It was all done, if I recall his statement correctly in the course of one morning. The President was informed that the Egyptian nationalists were using his 14 points as meaning that the President thought that Egypt should have the right to control her own destinies, and therefore have independence, and that they were using this to foment revolution; that since the President had provoked this trouble by the 14 points, they thought he should allay it by the statement that we would recognize the British protectorate, and as I remember Sir William Wiseman's statement to me that morning, he said that he had only brought up the matter that morning and that he had got our recognition of the British protectorate before luncheon.

Just about as one man would ask another for a match, apparently.

The Chairman. The President made some public statement?

Mr. Bullitt. I am not certain in regard to the further developments of it. I recall that incident, that it was arranged through Sir William Wiseman, and that it took only a few minutes.

Senator Knox. That was a good deal of time to devote to a little country like Egypt.

Mr. Bullitt. I do not know. You should know, sir, you have been Secretary of State.

Senator Knox. We never chewed them up that fast.

Here surely is a gratifying state of things for the American public to contemplate. How is it that the British Prime Minister and his Foreign Secretary were able to keep this insidious janizary, this "extra-confidential Foreign Office" constantly with Colonel House and the President? The President is notoriously difficult of access to those he does not want to see. And what an ending for the Fourteen Points, after setting the best instincts of America aflame, after getting the response they had from every democratic element the world over! The poor, disowned, tattered wastrel, unmentionable in the polite society of the Peace Conference (according to Secretary Lansing's testimony), brandished at last in the unscrupulous hand of the British Foreign Office as a mere scarecrow to frighten its maker into a docile and unquestioning obedience to the will of economic imperialism! Really, except for the poor Egyptians, was there ever an incident as comical as this in the whole history of international affairs?

Another passage in Mr. Bullitt's testimony goes far to bear out Mr. Lansing's discovery that "the great powers will never give their consent to changes in the interests of weaker peoples":

Senator New. Mr. Bullitt, what, if anything, was said with reference to the Irish question, with which you are familiar?

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Mr. Bullitt. At the conference? I do not believe the Irish question was ever brought up before the conference or discussed. There was considerable said on the side, attempts to let down the Walsh mission easily without antagonizing the Irish vote in this country. I think that is the only consideration that Ireland received.

Senator New. There was a cheerful willingness to do that, was there not?

Mr. Bullitt. I think so.

We come now to the question of Russia. For our own part, we did not expect to get so much official information about the Allies' attitude towards Russia until a much longer time had elapsed. Mr. Bullitt was commissioned on February 18, 1919, to go to Russia ostensibly to study political and economic conditions for the benefit of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, but really to find out what peace proposals would be satisfactory to the Soviet Government. His errand grew out of two conversations held in the office of M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, by the Council of Ten, on January 16 and January 21. By way both of information and of entertainment, nothing could be more profitable than a perusal of the memoranda on these conversations (Documents g and i). It seemed that something had to be done about Russia. The hope that the Bolshevist Government would collapse was not being realized; indeed, there was reason to think it was growing stronger all the time. Mr. Lloyd George proposed three possible policies: military intervention, a blockade, and a proposal to summon all the warring governments in Russia, "somewhat in the way that the Roman Empire summoned chiefs of outlying tributary states to render an account of their actions." This sentence is a fair sample of the fine unconscious humor that pervades the documents and makes them such excellent reading.

Mr. Lloyd George said that crushing the Bolsheviki by force—the first possible policy—was an extremely large order. The British armies would mutiny if ordered there; so would the American, French, and Canadian armies. Mr. Sonnino suggested calling for volunteers. Mr. George asked what contributions America, Italy, and France could be depended on to make in this way; Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau each said, none, and Mr. Orlando agreed that Italy too was at the end of her rope. The first policy, therefore, sagged out of sight and was dismissed.

As to the second, Mr. Lloyd George pointed out that if a cordon were drawn around Soviet Russia, the people who would die were just the ones whom they wanted to protect. "It would not result in the starvation of the Bolsheviki; it would simply mean the death of our friends." He further asked, Who are to overthrow the Bolsheviki from within? "If the Allies were counting on any of these men," i. e., Denikin, Kolchak, and the rest, "he believed they were building on quicksand." Denikin was "occupying a little back-yard near the Black Sea" and there was altogether too much territory between him and Kolchak to justify hopes. Beside, Kolchak had been gathering a crew of reactionaries around him from left-overs of the old régime, and it appeared that the Czecho-Slovaks were finding this out. "The sympathies of the Czecho-Slovaks are very democratic," said Mr. Lloyd George, and hence it would not do to depend too much on their coöperation, under these circumstances. Here again Mr. Lloyd George proved himself a master of unconscious humor.

The assemblage looked at one another mournfully and Mr. Wilson indorsed Mr. Lloyd George's position, saying that "he did not see how it was possible to controvert his statement." So the third policy was broached, and after a great deal of effort, it was finally swallowed, and Mr. Wilson was appointed to draft a manifesto to Russia, which he subsequently did; this was the Prinkipo proposal. But M. Clemenceau, apparently jealous of Mr. Lloyd George's rapidly rising distinction as a humorist, took this occasion to show that he was something in that line himself:

M. Clemenceau suggested that the manifesto to the Russian parties should be based solely on humanitarian grounds. They should say to the Russians, "You are threatened by famine. We are prompted by humanitarian feelings; we are making peace; we do not want people to die. We are prepared to see what can be done to remove the menace of starvation." He thought the Russians would at once prick up their ears and be prepared to hear what the Allies had to say. They would add that food cannot be sent unless peace and order were reëstablished. It should, in fact, be made quite clear that the representatives of all parties would merely be brought together for purely humane reasons.

President Wilson wrote the Prinkipo memorandum next day, January 22; but the Russians did not prick up their ears. One after another, the various factions replied with refusals of one sort or another, and finally the Soviet Government replied in what Mr. Bullitt calls "a slightly evasive form." They said that they were ready to accept the terms of the proposals and were ready to talk about stopping fighting; but they carefully did not say what they were expected to say, namely, that they were ready to stop fighting on such and such a date. This for a while was mystifying; but shortly it appeared that the fine old humorist, M. Clemenceau, had been busy "on the side." "We found," says Mr. Bullitt (p. 1245), "that the French foreign office had communicated to the Ukrainian Government and various other antisoviet governments that if they were to refuse the proposal, they would support them and continue to support them, and not allow the Allies, if they could prevent it, or the allied Governments, to make peace with the Russian soviet government." The venerable and urbane wag, in other words, had given his associates what is sometimes known as the double cross, and the Soviet Government was quite aware of it; and in consequence, as everyone remembers, the Prinkipo enterprise, which offered at least the possibility of peace in Russia, went by default.

An effort was made to renew it, because Mr. Lloyd George kept insisting that something must be done; and Mr. Bullitt arranged a meeting between Mr. George and Colonel House to take place on February 24, at which time "they were to prepare a renewal of the Prinkipos proposal, and they were both prepared to insist that it be passed against any opposition of the French." However, on February 19, M. Clemenceau was shot; "and the next day Mr. Lloyd George telephoned over from London to say that as long as Clemenceau was wounded and was ill, he (Clemenceau) was boss of the roost, and that anything he desired to veto would be immediately wiped out and therefore it was no use for him and Col. House, as long as Clemenceau was ill, to attempt to renew the Prinkipos proposal, as Clemenceau would simply have to hold up a finger and the whole thing would drop to the ground."

Thereupon it was decided to send Mr. Bullitt to Russia to get from the Soviet Government an exact statement of the terms upon which they were willing to stop fighting. Mr. Bullitt got his instructions from Colonel House and Mr. Lansing; and the plan was (it is most important to bear

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this in mind) *"to make a proposal to the Soviet Government that would certainly be accepted"* (page 1246).

Mr. Bullitt's errand was to be an entire secret from all except the British. He talked the matter over with Mr. Philip Kerr and Sir Maurice Hankey, and asked Mr. Kerr to get Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour to give a general indication of their point of view on peace with Russia. He had obtained from Colonel House a statement of the American point of view, which appears in his testimony as follows:

Senator Knox. You said a moment ago you went to Col. House to get a statement of the American position.

Mr. Bullitt. Yes; I asked Col. House these questions [reading]:

BULLITT EXHIBIT NO. 15.

1. If the Bolsheviki are ready to stop the forward movement of their troops on all fronts and to declare an armistice on all fronts, would we be willing to do likewise?

2. Is the American Government prepared to insist that the French, British, Italian, and Japanese Governments shall accept such an armistice proposal?

3. If fighting is stopped on all fronts, is the Government of the United States prepared to insist on the reëstablishment of economic relations with Russia, subject only to the equitable distribution among all classes of the population of supplies and food and essential commodities which may be sent to Russia?

In other words, a sort of Hoover Belgian distribution plan so that the Bolsheviki could not use the food we sent in there for propaganda purposes and to starve their enemies and to feed their friends.

The fourth question I asked him was as follows:

4. Is the United States Government, under these conditions, prepared to press the Allies for a joint statement that all Allied troops will be withdrawn from the soil of Russia as soon as practicable, on condition that the Bolsheviki give explicit assurances that there will be no retaliation against persons who have coöperated with the allied forces?

Col. House replied that we were prepared to.

Further, I asked Col. House whether it was necessary to get a flat and explicit assurance from the soviet government that they would make full payment of all their debts before we would make peace with them, and Col. House replied that it was not; that no such statement was necessary. However, that such a statement would be extremely desirable to have, inasmuch as much of the French opposition to making peace with the soviet government was on account of the money owed by Russia to France.

Mr. Bullitt also received from Mr. Kerr the following note (page 1247):

(Private and confidential)

British Delegation,
Paris, February 21, 1919.

My Dear Bullitt: I inclose a note of the sort of conditions upon which I personally think it would be possible for the allied Governments to resume once more normal relations with Soviet Russia. You will understand, of course, that these have no official significance and merely represent suggestions of my own opinion.

Yours sincerely,
P. H. KERR

To understand the reservations in this note, it is necessary to remember that they are part of the regular diplomatic technique of such negotiations. Like the "conversations" between British and French naval and military experts in 1906, to take a well-known example, such proposals and negotiations are always carried on by subordinates, and carried on under reservations whereby, if anything goes wrong, the transaction can be repudiated by the superiors. Mr. Kerr had told Mr. Bullitt by word of mouth, however, that he had discussed the entire matter with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour, and therefore Mr. Bullitt was well aware that he knew what conditions they would accept. The note enclosed by Mr. Kerr is as follows:

1. Hostilities to cease on all fronts.

2. All de facto governments to remain in full control of the territories which they at present occupy.

3. Railways and ports necessary to transportation between soviet Russia and the sea to be subject to the same regulations as international railways and ports in the rest of Europe.

4. Allied subjects to be given free right of entry and full security to enable them to enter soviet Russia and go about their business there, provided they do not interfere in politics.

5. Amnesty to all political prisoners on both sides: full liberty to all Russians who have fought with the Allies.

6. Trade relations to be restored between soviet Russia and the outside world under conditions which, while respecting the sovereignty of soviet Russia insure that Allied supplies are made available on equal terms to all classes of the Russian people.

7. All other questions connected with Russia's debt to the Allies, etc., to be considered independently after peace has been established.

8. All allied troops to be withdrawn from Russia as soon as Russian armies above quota to be defined have been demobilized and their surplus arms surrendered or destroyed.

These, especially No. 7, were pretty liberal terms to be handed to the despised Bolsheviki, we must say. They indicate rather well the pass of helplessness to which the masters of the world were reduced. Armed with the foregoing statements, Mr. Bullitt proceeded to Russia and conferred with Chicherin, Litvinov and Lenin. He brought back the draft of a proposal which was to be offered by the Allies to the Soviet Government (not by the Soviet Government to the Allies) and would be accepted by the Soviet Government, provided it came to hand by April 10. The proposal is as follows (Document k):

The allied and associated Governments to propose that hostilities shall cease on all fronts in the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland on[1] and that no new hostilities shall begin after this date, pending a conference to be held at[2] on.[3]

The duration of the armistice to be for two weeks, unless extended by mutual consent, and all parties to the armistice to undertake not to employ the period of the armistice to transfer troops and war material to the territory of the former Russian Empire.

The conference to discuss peace on the basis of the following principles, which shall not be subject to revision by the conference.

1. All existing de facto governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland to remain in full control of the territories which they occupy at the moment when the armistice becomes effective, except in so far as the conference may agree upon the transfer of territories; until the peoples inhabiting the territories controlled by these de facto governments shall themselves determine to change their Governments. The Russian Soviet Government, the other soviet governments and all other governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire, the allied and associated Governments, and the other Governments which are operating against the soviet governments, including Finland, Poland, Galicia, Roumania, Armenia, Azerbaidjan, and Afghanistan, to agree not to attempt to upset by force the existing de

[1] The date of the armistice to be set at least a week after the date when the allied and associated Governments make this proposal.

[2] The soviet government greatly prefers that the conference should be held in a neutral country and also that either a radio or a direct telegraph wire to Moscow should be put at its disposal.

[3] The conference to begin not later than a week after the armistice takes effect and the soviet government greatly prefers that the period between the date of the armistice and the first meeting of the conference should be only three days, if possible.

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facto governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and the other Governments signatory to this agreement.[4]

2. The economic blockade to be raised and trade relations between Soviet Russia and the allied and associated countries to be reëstablished under conditions which will ensure that supplies from the allied and associated countries are made available on equal terms to all classes of the Russian people.

3. The soviet governments of Russia to have the right of unhindered transit on all railways and the use of all ports which belonged to the former Russian Empire and to Finland and are necessary for the disembarkation and transportation of passengers and goods between their territories and the sea; detailed arrangements for the carrying out of this provision to be agreed upon at the conference.

4. The citizens of the soviet republics of Russia to have the right of free entry into the allied and associated countries as well as into all countries which have been formed on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland; also the right of sojourn and of circulation and full security, provided they do not interfere in the domestic politics of those countries.[5]

Nationals of the allied and associated countries and of the other countries above named to have the right of free entry into the soviet republics of Russia; also the right of sojourn and of circulation and full security, provided they do not interfere in the domestic politics of the soviet republics.

The allied and associated Governments and other governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland to have the right to send official representatives enjoying full liberty and immunity into the various Russian Soviet Republics. The soviet governments of Russia to have the right to send official representatives enjoying full liberty and immunity into all the allied and associated countries and into the nonsoviet countries which have been formed on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland.

5. The soviet governments, the other Governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland, to give a general amnesty to all political opponents, offenders, and prisoners. The allied and associated Governments to give a general amnesty to all Russian political opponents, offenders, and prisoners, and to their own nationals who have been or may be prosecuted for giving help to Soviet Russia. All Russians who have fought in, or otherwise aided the armies opposed to the soviet governments, and those opposed to the other Governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland to be included in this amnesty.

All prisoners of war of non-Russian powers detained in Russia, likewise all nationals of those powers now in Russia to be given full facilities for repatriation. The Russian prisoners of war in whatever foreign country they may be, likewise all Russian nationals, including the Russian soldiers and officers abroad and those serving in all foreign armies to be given full facilities for repatriation.

6. Immediately after the signing of this agreement all troops of the allied and associated Governments and other non-Russian Governments to be withdrawn from Russia and military assistance to cease to be given to antisoviet governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire.

The soviet governments and the antisoviet governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland to begin to reduce their armies simultaneously, and at the same rate, to a peace footing immediately after the signing of this agreement. The conference to determine the most effective and just method of inspecting and controlling this simultaneous demobilization and also the withdrawal of the troops and the cessation of military assistance to the antisoviet governments.

7. The allied and associated Governments, taking cognizance of the statement of the soviet government of Russia, in its note of February 4, in regard to its foreign debts, propose as an integral part of this agreement that the soviet governments and the other governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire and Finland shall recognize their responsibility for the financial obligations of the former Russian Empire, to foreign States parties to this agreement and to the nationals of such States. Detailed arrangements for the payment of these debts to be agreed upon at the conference, regard being had to the present financial position of Russia. The Russian gold seized by the Czecho-Slovaks in Kazan or taken from Germany by the Allies to be regarded as partial payment of the portion of the debt due from the soviet republics of Russia.

The Soviet Government of Russia undertakes to accept the foregoing proposal provided it is made not later than April 10, 1919.

This proposal shows plainly that the Soviet Government was willing to do the handsome thing in the interests of peace, and meet the Allies half-way at least. Having had experience, however, of the little pleasantries that M. Clemenceau sometimes entertained himself with, they handed Mr. Bullitt an additional sheet which Mr. Bullitt declined to accept as part of the formal document, as follows:

The Soviet Government is most anxious to have a semi-official guaranty from the American and British Governments that they will do their utmost to see to it that France lives up to the conditions of the armistice.

Mr. Bullitt returned and wrote out a report, addressed to the President and the American commissioners. It had the following fate (pp. 1260-1261):

Senator Knox. Was there any formal meeting of the peace conference, or of representatives of the great powers, to act upon this suggestion and upon your report?

Mr. Bullitt. It was acted upon in a very lengthy, long-drawn-out manner.

Immediately on my return I was first asked to appear before the American Commission. First, the night I got back I had a couple of hours with Col. House, in which I went over the whole matter. Col. House was entirely and quite decidedly in favor of making peace, if possible, on the basis of this proposal.

The next morning I was called before the other Commissioners, and I talked with Mr. Lansing, Gen. Bliss, and Mr. Henry White all the morning and mos of the afternoon. We had a long discussion, at the end of which it was the sense of the commissioners' meeting that it was highly desirable to attempt to bring about peace on this basis.

The next morning I had breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George at his apartment, Gen. Smuts and Sir Maurice Hankey and Mr. Philip Kerr were also present, and we discussed the matter at considerable length. I brought Mr. Lloyd George the official text of the proposal, the same official one, in that same envelope, which I have just shown to you. He had previously read it, it having been telegraphed from Helsingfors. As he had previously read it, he merely glanced over it and said, "That is the same one I have already read," and he handed it to Gen. Smuts, who was across the table, and said, "General, this is of the utmost importance and interest, and you ought to read it right away." Gen. Smuts read it immediately, and said he thought it should not be allowed to lapse; that it was of the utmost importance. Mr. Lloyd-George, however, said that he did not know what he could do with British public opinion. He had a copy of the Daily Mail in his hand, and he said, "As long as the British press is doing this kind of thing how can you expect me to be sensible about Russia?" The Daily Mail was roaring and screaming about the whole Russian

[4] The allied and associated Governments to undertake to see to it that the de facto governments of Germany do not attempt to upset by force the de facto governments of Russia. The de facto governments which have been set up on the territory of the former Russian Empire to undertake not to attempt to upset by force the de facto governments of Germany.

[5] It is considered essential by the soviet government that the allied and associated Governments should see to it that Poland and all neutral countries extend the same rights as the allied and associated countries.

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situation. Then Mr. Lloyd-George said, "Of course all the reports we get from people we send in there are in this same general direction, but we have got to send in somebody who is known to the whole world as a complete conservative, in order to have the whole world believe that the report he brings out is not simply the utterance of a radical." He then said, "I wonder if we could get Lansdowne to go?" Then he immediately corrected himself and said, "No; it would probably kill him." Then he said, "I wish I could send Bob Cecil, but we have got to keep him for the league of nations." And he said to Smuts, "It would be splendid if you could go, but, of course, you have got the other job," which was going down to Hungary. Afterwards he said he thought the most desirable man to send was the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil's brother; that he would be respectable enough and well known enough so that when he came back and made the same report it would go down with British public opinion. Mr. Lloyd-George then urged me to make public my report. He said it was absolutely necessary to have publicity given to the actual conditions in Russia, which he recognized were as presented.

I saw Mr. Balfour that afternoon with Sir Eric Drummond, who at that time was acting as his secretary. He is now secretary of the league of nations. We discussed the entire matter. Sir William Wiseman told me afterward that Mr. Balfour was thoroughly in favor of the proposition.

Well, to cut the story short, first the President referred the matter to Col. House. He left his decision on the matter with Col. House, as was his usual course of procedure in most such matters. Mr. Lloyd-George also agreed in advance to leave the preparation of the proposal to Col. House; that is, he said he would be disposed to go at least as far as we would and would follow the lead of the President and Col. House. Col. House thereupon asked me to prepare a reply to this proposal, which I did.

Col. House in the meantime had seen Mr. Orlando, and Mr. Orlando had expressed himself as entirely in favor of making peace on this basis, at least so Col. House informed me at the time. The French, I believe, had not yet been approached formally on the matter.

Senator Knox. By the way, right here, you say Mr. Lloyd-George advised you to make your report public. Did you make it public?

Mr. Bullitt. No, sir. Mr. Lloyd-George desired me to make it public for the enlightenment that he thought it might give to public opinion.

Senator Knox. But you did not do it?

Mr. Bullitt. I attempted to. I prepared a statement for the press based on my report, giving the facts, which I submitted to the commission to be given out. No member of the commission was ready to take the responsibility for publicity in the matter and it was referred to the President. The President received it and decided that he did not want it given out. He thought he would rather keep it secret, and in spite of the urgings of the other commissioners he continued to adhere to that point of view, and my report has never been made public until this moment.

One man, and only one, therefore—Mr. Wilson—is responsible for the suppression of the Bullitt report on Russia. In spite of the apparently complete consensus of the commissioners, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's admission that "all the reports we get from people we send in there are in this same general direction," in spite of the general disposition to make peace on the basis indicated, one man, and only one—Mr. Wilson—is responsible for continuing the policy of enormous and criminal misrepresentation of Russia. The report is too long to be printed here; but next week, unless it meanwhile gains general publicity otherwise, we shall publish the Bullitt report and the three reports of Mr. Bullitt's assistant, Captain Pettit (Documents 1 and z). Public opinion in the United States has been systematically misled concerning the relations of the allied and associated governments with Soviet Russia, and it is now all but impossible to make clearly understood the devious course of American and Allied diplomacy in its dealings with the communist republic. But the reader who will thoughtfully ponder the uncontradicted testimony of Mr. Bullitt will be likely to gain a new insight into the purposes and methods of the men who since the signing of the armistice have been engaged at Paris in a shameless game of territorial and financial dicker and trade. It is our design in presenting these documents to furnish our readers with the material upon the basis of which they may form their own judgment concerning what is probably the most important problem of international relations in the world today.

Unable to get Mr. Wilson's consent to publishing the report, Colonel House asked Mr. Bullitt to draw up a "statement of policy" along the same general line, thinking he might get the President to agree to that. Mr. Bullitt did so; and here was its fate (page 1263):

Senator Brandegee. Was this brought to the attention of the President?

Mr. Bullitt. The first night after I got in Col. House went to the telephone and called up the President right away and told him that I was in, and that he thought this was a matter of the utmost importance, and that it would seem to be an opportunity to make peace in a section of the world where there was no peace; in fact, where there were 23 wars. The President said he would see me the next evening down at Col. House's office, as I remember it. The next evening, however, the President had a headache and he did not come. The following afternoon Col. House said to me that he had seen the President and the President had said he had a one-track mind and was occupied with Germany at present, and he could not think about Russia, and that he had left the Russian matter all to him, Col. House. Therefore I continued to deal with Col. House directly on it inasmuch as he was the delegate of the President, and Lloyd-George, in the matter. I used to see Col. House every day, indeed two or three times a day, on the subject, urging him to obtain action before April 10, which, as you will recall, was the date when this proposal was to expire.

Meanwhile Mr. Hoover and Mr. Auchincloss "had the idea of approaching peace with Russia by a feeding proposition," and started the Nansen correspondence on the theory broached by the eminent wit of M. Clemenceau. Humanitarianism was to predominate. Naturally, Colonel House inclined to this way of doing, humanitarianism being irresistible to the instinct of his type. President Wilson inclined to it for the same reason. Mr. Auchincloss then drafted a proposal in a Tyrtæan strain of humanitarian rhetoric; but contrived to slip into it a condition that Russia should, in consideration of being fed, put all her railways into the hands of the Allies (page 1266). Mr. Bullitt, who opposed this plan *in toto*, being "in favor of direct, straightforward action in the matter," undertook to redraft the Auchincloss proposal "under protest at the whole business." And actually, the only reply to their proposal which the Soviet Government ever had was the fine display of humanitarianism contained in the letter to Dr. Nansen which was signed by the Four and published widely. Absurdity could go no further; humanly speaking, the limit of imbecile ineptitude was proudly attained in that transaction. And what was the reason why the Soviet proposal was definitely allowed to lapse beyond the final date of April 10, after which it could not be renewed (page 1270)?

Senator Harding. Lest I missed something while I was out

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of the room I am exceedingly curious to know why the soviet proposal was not given favorable consideration.

Senator Knox. Mr. Bullitt has stated that.

Mr. Bullitt. The principal reason was entirely different. The fact was that just at this moment, when this proposal was under consideration, Kolchak made a 100-mile advance. There was a revolt of peasants in a district of Russia which entirely cut off supplies from the Bolshevik army operating against Kolchak. Kolchak made a 100-mile advance, and immediately the entire press of Paris was roaring and screaming on the subject, announcing that Kolchak would be in Moscow within two weeks; and therefore everyone in Paris, including, I regret to say, members of the American commission, began to grow very lukewarm about peace in Russia, because they thought Kolchak would arrive in Moscow and wipe out the soviet government.

We end our consideration of Mr. Bullitt's testimony with the following extract, which fortunately requires no comment (page 1272):

Senator Knox. Did not Mr. Lloyd-George in a speech to Parliament assert that he had never received the proposal with which you returned from Russia? Have you a copy of his speech?

Mr. Bullitt. About a week after I had handed to Mr. Lloyd-George the official proposal, with my own hands, in the presence of three other persons, he made a speech before the British Parliament, and gave the British people to understand that he knew nothing whatever about any such proposition. It was a most egregious case of misleading the public, perhaps the boldest that I have ever known in my life. On the occasion of that statement of Mr. Lloyd-George, I wrote the President. I clipped his statement from a newspaper and sent it to the President, and I asked the President to inform me whether the statement of Mr. Lloyd-George was true or untrue. He was unable to answer, inasmuch as he would have had to reply on paper that Mr. Lloyd-George had made an untrue statement.

Senator Knox. Have you a copy of Lloyd-George's remarks in the Parliament?

Mr. Bullitt. I have a copy.

Senator Knox. Suppose you read it?

Mr. Bullitt. It is as follows:

Mr. Clynes. Before the right honorable gentleman comes to the next subject, can he make any statement on the approaches or representations alleged to have been made to his Government by persons acting on behalf of such government as there is in Central Russia?

Mr. Lloyd-George. We have had no approaches at all except what have appeared in the papers.

Mr. Clynes. I ask the question because it has been repeatedly alleged.

Mr. Lloyd-George. We have had no approaches at all. Constantly there are men coming and going to Russia of all nationalities, and they always come back with their tales of Russia. But we have made no approach of any sort.

I have only heard reports of others having proposals which they assume have come from authentic quarters, but these have never been put before the peace conference by any member, and therefore we have not considered them.

I think I know what my right honorable friend refers to. There was some suggestion that a young American had come back from Russia with a communication. It is not for me to judge the value of this communication, but if the President of the United States had attached any value to it he would have brought it before the conference and he certainly did not.

It was explained to me by the members of the British delegation who called on me, that the reason for this deception was that although when Lloyd George got back to London he intended to make a statement very favorable to peace with Russia, he found that Lord Northcliffe, acting through Mr. Wickham Steed, the editor of The Times, and Mr. Winston Churchill, British secretary for war, had rigged the conservative majority of the House of Commons against him, and that they were ready to slay him then and there if he attempted to speak what was his own opinion at the moment on Russian policies.

Foreign Correspondence

In the Land of Black Despair

Berlin, August 20

IT is impossible to describe the blank pessimism which is all but universal in Germany today. People are hopeless, without faith in God, themselves, their rulers, the Allies, or the neutrals; in capitalism or Bolshevism; in democracy, revolution, or monarchy. And they are too tired and half-starved to care. The casual visitor to Berlin, Frankfurt, or other German cities today finds little changed—the streets a bit dirtier, the policing laxer; but the theatres full, the cafés crowded, the main streets gay. Behind this façade is a despair such as only a people with the intense self-consciousness of the Germans can know.

It is startling to find so constant a consciousness of the immediacy of the abyss. You find all sorts of men—Professor Nicolai, for instance—looking forward to the worst winter of the war and to a victory of the workingmen's councils (soviets) as its consequence, then to their failure, and then to utter chaos. "If only we had leaders," began a young doctor who sat with us. "Leaders don't count any more," Nicolai broke in. "It is only the mass. It can do whatever it wills, and as in every country the mass is stupid and blind and without intelligence." In Russia the Revolution ushered in a radiant era of new hopes. Even the Bolsheviks have a kind of religious fervor. In Germany the November revolution brought a glimmer of light, but since then the night has steadily deepened. The revolutionary leaders themselves make no glowing promises. They say with Nicolai: "The revolution will come, not from idealistic motives, but from harsh economic pressure, from the bitterness of despair; and once it comes, it will be impossible to control it."

You hear little complaint of the treaty. It is accepted with a curious combination of fatalism and conviction that it cannot endure. You find no intention to resist it, simply a calm assumption that it cannot possibly be executed. Nationalist papers deplore the "absence of national self-consciousness" which takes territorial amputations with such a shrug. The only provision much discussed is that concerning coal.

According to the treaty, Germany is to deliver forty million tons of coal per year to the Entente, beginning in September. *The Frankfurter Zeitung* calculates that this leaves Germany about thirty million tons of anthracite per year for her own use—less than a fifth of her peace-time annual consumption. Germany produced 191,500,000 tons in 1913, and used 171,000,000 tons at home. If she loses Upper Silesia as well as the Saar and the Aachen regions as coal sources, she loses $50+12+3\frac{1}{2}=65\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, leaving her, at her peace-time rate of production, 126,000,000 tons. But the lowered strength and productivity of German workers, the shorter work-hours, and the intermittent strikes which even Herr Noske has been unable totally to suppress, have reduced the production to fifty-five per cent. that of peace-times, or about seventy million tons per year, and it threatens to become less still. The peace treaty obligates Germany to deliver more than half of this to the Entente. Assuming that the amputated regions accounted for a quarter of the coal consumption of 1913—probably a large figure—her need would be for 143,000,000 tons a year.

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Against this she will have thirty. Germany will have scarcely enough coal to run the railways on reduced schedules without providing for heating homes or running industries.

Many communes are laying in supplies of wood for household use, and the production of lignite fortunately is not so catastrophically slight as that of coal. But small dependence can be placed upon the schemes for recruiting regiments of volunteer miners—especially when labor regards such plans as capitalist camouflage—and Germany is face to face with the fact that she cannot reckon on sufficient coal even to operate her railways and warm her houses, without beginning to supply her industries. Low as is the present operation of her factories, the general expectation is that more than half the factories now in operation will have to close down next winter for lack of coal. The consequences of the resultant unemployment and discontent can only be guessed.

The food situation is slightly better. Prices are high, but fats and flour are beginning to come in. The week I arrived in Berlin the city was flooded with American chocolate—the first shipments since the lifting of the blockade. Cripples—legless, armless, noseless, or eternally shaking their diseased heads—and old women and little children, and worse still, healthy-bodied ex-soldiers with nothing better to do, shouted at one on every street corner, even out in the suburbs, "American chocolate—ten marks a cake!" People bought it—at what to them was $5 a pound. The first chocolate in years—no other city ever sold so much chocolate in six months as was sold in that first week in Berlin.

In this desperate situation—high food prices, coal shortage, forced unemployment—the social revolutionaries see their hope. The political revolution is achieved in Germany; but workingmen will tell you that they have been cheated of the social revolution. Steps have been taken toward socialization, but they have been faltering steps, and the Russian soviet system is pictured in sharp contrast as something truly proletarian and, whatever its defects, at least equalizing. Your German workman is very bitter about the revelries of the rich, determined that the present inequalities shall not persist, unwilling to toil on for the benefit, as he sees it, of people who do not toil beside him. You find the same temper in the scores of socialist and communist pamphlets which are on sale on every news-stand, in the posters and stickers posted through the cities; in the meetings of workingmen and women, of workers' children, of revolutionary students.

Revolts are spasmodic throughout Germany today, but they are not products of deliberate underground campaigns of agitation; they break out against the will of the leaders, growing out of the desperateness of present misery. When Hamburg sausage-makers are caught using cat-meat, the city goes temporarily Bolshevik; when Chemnitz is breadless for weeks, it revolts. The revolts are put down with monotonous brutality by Noske's half million volunteer guards.

In the German militarism of today there is no menace to France. The new German army, made up of professional officers, of young boys who have been through five years of war fever without seeing war realities, and unemployed men in desperate need of steady pay, may stubbornly fly the flag of the old régime, but it is directed against communist uprisings at home. The ubiquitous recruiting posters, calling upon volunteers to defend law and order, all raising the scarecrow of Bolshevism, are evidence enough. It may be menace or salvation to Germany, but it is nothing to France.

The prophets of social revolution in Germany—Ernst Däumig, Richard Müller, Kurt Geyer, Ledebour, the Left Wing Independents and the Communists, are praying for the demobilization which the treaty promises, in the hope that if Noske's army is reduced to 100,000 the revolution may be bloodless. They are sure it is coming. The next revolution may find them readier. In November, 1918, the change was personal rather than organic. Next winter may find a national network of workingmen's councils, homogeneously organized, prepared to take over the functions of government and operate as an effective national soviet system. The Communists and Independent Socialists are working to that end, but their bitter feud with the old Socialist party retards their progress.

Workingmen's, peasants', and soldiers' councils were formed anarchically in 1918—some by self-appointment, some on nomination by the two socialist parties, some by shrewd employers or old régime officers. There are no soldiers' councils in the army today; the peasants' councils have died of inanition; and there are two sets of workingmen's councils. The Independents and Communists have seceded from the national council of councils, controlled by the Right Wing Socialists, and the Right Wingers and Democrats have seceded from the Berlin organization, controlled by the more radical groups. The Right Wing group has government subsidies and occupies government offices—the Central Council of Workingmen's Councils is in the old Prussian House of Lords! Noske periodically raids or arrests the other group, and thereby gives them added power in the working class. The Independents now control the vast majority of Berlin workmen and the Saxon industrial field, and are threatening to win control in Westphalia and elsewhere. Utterly disregarding the Government's proposed laws regarding councils, they are proceeding to call new elections for workingmen's councils throughout Germany, in which the factory will be the basic unit rather than a geographical district, and only employed head or hand workers may vote rather than any one with an income under ten thousand marks. Their strength revealed itself on July 21 when the Independents called a general strike; the Right Wing Socialists denounced it, but the strike was general.

No immediate betterment of the workingman's economic position is foreseen as a result of this social revolution—only an equalization of misery. Workingmen would be quartered in the half-empty homes of the rich—so much may be accomplished before winter even by the bourgeois municipal governments of Berlin and Charlottenburg, which, however, will pay for them, as the Communists would not. The unhealthy gaiety of Berlin-West and the Friedrichstrasse would end. And in a community of poverty they would start to rebuild on a new and fairer basis. So they picture it—they, the most hopeful group in all Germany. A *Verzweiflungsrevolution*, they call it—a revolution growing out of desperation. Whether the hungry workmen who have got out of the habit of steady work, will work harder or more regularly for a communist government, is a question.

One comes out of Germany utterly at sea, uncertain of the future. Ashmen's salaries have decupled; professors' barely changed. Old values have gone by the board. Yet one suspects that if Entente diplomacy were a little shrewder and less revengeful, it might still save the old business régime.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

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The Miners at Cleveland

By HEBER BLANKENHORN

We mined the coal to transport soldiers,
We kept the home fires all aglow,
We put Old Kaiser out of business;
What's our reward? We want to know!
—*Coal miners' song at the Cleveland convention.*

FAR more important than a realization of what the coal miners of the country actually did in their convention just ended at Cleveland is an understanding of the temper in which things were done, the character of the men who did them, and the nature of the things these men demand for the future. Persons who think that now is the winter of our discontent, that by spring Uncle Sam will be doing business at the old stand in the old way, that union leaders will have dropped highfalutin socialization talk, and that labor will cheerfully enter an era of prosperity and high production—such should have studied well the delegates to the United Mine Workers' convention.

What the convention records show they did was to vote unanimously for: the six-hour day; the five-day week; a big increase in wages (individual locals' demands run up to one hundred per cent.); the nationalization of the mines; the Plumb plan for the railroads; a dual alliance of mining and transportation unions; and an international alliance of coal miners. What the official record and the press reports do not show is that this was a minimum programme, arrived at without propagandist oratory or debate, and that the battle in the combative convention turned on how the programme was to be carried out. If it were all simply a stuffed club constructed by union leaders to mace more money out of the operators at the joint wage conference beginning in Buffalo on September 25, the public might truly regard it as simply another "holdup" like the railroad crisis of 1916; this time under the threat of a national strike on November 1, to the tune of the six-hour day. In that case the portentous bogy should afterwards be laid, to trouble us no more. But what if the programme represents concessions rather abruptly made by responsible union officials to an armory full of fighting miners?

It must be understood that this convention was the rank and file. Ninety per cent. of the 2,000 delegates came straight from mine pit or mouth. There were beaux among them, strikingly presentable men, but for the most part their wrinkly convention clothes looked odd in the city. They smoked corn-cob pipes and went shirtsleeved on the slightest excuse. Many a shirt lacked the collar, and some delegates who conceded collars omitted ties. Miners are hard, shouldery, poised men. They are lean like Cassius, and think much, as men do in isolated bare towns, frequently plagued with unemployment. Their names are mostly English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh, and they are notorious readers. Taciturn, they are quick with the word if questioned, and with the yell if they think a yell is needed. Finally, these sinewy men at Cleveland were in a most unmistakable fighting mood. It was no more like the American Federation of Labor convention at Atlantic City than a regiment in the field is like the stock exchange. "Those delegates," said a British labor leader at Atlantic City, surveying the auditorium in a puzzled fashion, "seem all to come from jobs where they dispose of their own time." That an American Federation of Labor convention is made up almost altogether of paid union officials astounded the British delegate whose own Trade Union Congress is half composed of rank and file. If the Cleveland convention, like the recent meetings of the rank and file of half a dozen unions, resulted very differently from the one at Atlantic City, it is not that the labor situation has changed much between June and September, but that the character of the representation has changed.

The next thing to be grasped is that these common coal hewers quickly showed that they were out to express opinions already formed, rather than to have their opinion moulded. Right away they began trying to override the platform officials. Toward the Fuel Administration and their own officials who signed the government-forced agreement which denied their war wage demand, their attitude was one of bitter impatience. Toward the public, their attitude was: "We have made more sacrifices than any other craft in the war. Now is the time to take what is due us and is denied us." To court decisions, threatening to cost their union $1,000,000 in penalties for union action, they showed fight. Mention of the thirty-hour week was drowned in roars of approval; and in private talk every miner was full of his reason for it—to end unemployment by spreading the week's work out over more than two to four days. When nationalization first came up, a delegate began, "Nationalization is impossible." A thunderclap of boos, jeers, denunciation, cries of "Coal operator!" "Throw him out!" broke up procedure. In a lull the delegate tried to explain that he meant "immediate nationalization," but even this argument would not be listened to. There was no debate at all, and the vote for the nationalization principle was unanimous.

The convention received the chiefs of three railroad brotherhoods and cheered their explanation of the Plumb plan and their request for a politico-economic alliance of railway men and miners. "The best time to strike is on election day," they heard Chief Warren S. Stone say. "The labor movement has too long blindly followed the old parties. The time has come for labor to make use of that balance of power it holds." They heard Seymour Stedman, the lawyer who defended Eugene Debs, make declarations on political prisoners, against war, against courts, for Russia, for industrial unionism, for revolutionary change—the sort of speech for which Stedman would have been arrested in any socialist meeting in Cleveland, if Cleveland now permitted socialist meetings. And they applauded so stormily that the officials had to quell the uproar by suddenly bringing on the platform the black draped picture of John Mitchell, and having the convention stand in silence before the image of the leader who had died that week.

The next thing the convention did was to vote down all resolutions tagged with a socialist, one-big-union or communist label. They made it very plain that they were not there to fly a flag. They meant business. Business for them is transacted through their union. The biggest fight at Cleveland was to make the old union do the new business. It was directed against their own officials. It would not be diverted. As the convention met, the delegates knew that hundreds of armed union miners in West Virginia were marching towards the Guyan Valley fields, where three hundred private mine guards had so far successfully kept out all unionism with machine guns. To be still fighting for the

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right to organize is ordinary business for the United Mine Workers, which calls itself the biggest single union in the world, but has only half the country's miners in its organization. The miners' temper was expressed in a telegram to Governor Cornwell: "If the laws of West Virginia were enforced, it would be unnecessary for loyal citizens to gather with arms in their hands."

But such fighting was an old story to the delegates. They were far more concerned with the conflict with their own officials. And if the public fails to grasp this, and turns wearily from "another inside-the-union squabble," it will miss the value of this convention as a barometer of American labor. As the convention met, some 40,000 coal miners in Illinois were out on an "illegal strike" and their locals had been suspended by the union officials. An entire district of the United Mine Workers in Canada had been expelled because of a one-big-union strike not sanctioned by the officials. During the convention, thousands of Pennsylvania anthracite miners struck likewise and the officials ordered them back. The Illinois insurgents, who went out for many causes, combined on a resolution with the following preamble: "Whereas, we deem it necessary to call a strike, to get action from our national officials." The first ten days of the convention were one long battle against the officials, not on the part of these Illinois insurgents, but on that of accredited loyal delegates.

The disagreement, now wide-spread in American trade unions, between rank and file and officials, showed itself bitterest of all in the convention of the United Mine Workers. The leadership, its reputation staked on ability to negotiate contracts and make miners live up to them, was assailed as conservative, reactionary, "pets of the coal miners." The objectors cried that their leaders too easily became coal operators' agents, or coal owners and presidents of powder companies. Applause for critics of officials often gave the impression that the platform had not a friend in the hall.

It will do the public, as it did the officials, little good to retort that the trouble was "Bolshevism." It was not. The trouble was lack of results. The miners were sure that their present union could get results. The officials, it was no secret, were aghast before the task of using the old machinery to get the new demands. They were skilled and famous bargainers at the collective table. They were not production engineers. And apparently that was what they would have to be if they were to accomplish the new task. Wherever the miners have got the idea, it is fixed in their heads—that the mines can be taken out of the hands of the private operators and that all the coal the country needs can be mined under conditions that will give the miner an easier day and a good life.

"The operators aren't needed," ran the ordinary miners' talk at Cleveland, wherever their ideas came from—and they were not from the union's official journal. "The country ought to own the mines, the same as the railroad men want the railroads owned, the same as the British unions, just this week, want the coal mines owned." The miner was as likely as not to put under your nose the nationalization vote of the Glasgow Trades Union Congress. If you remarked that operators supplied the management, he replied: "We've got just as smart men in our unions. Why, the operators are always buying off our men to be their agents to fight us in conference." That is his simple creed. To the officials it is not so simple. To them the shock was to find the ideas so firmly held and so urgent for action. To the public, "what labor wants" will be next year's long puzzle unless the nature of this intra-union struggle is grasped. At present labor wants it through the existing unions rather than through newer forms of organization.

The Victors

(From the German of Roda Roda)

By L. J. HOHL

THE sheep stood trembling in their pen, crowding up against each other. To their fear-sharpened senses the proximity of predatory animals had manifested itself much sooner than to the shepherds—even sooner than to the ferocious dogs guarding the pen.

Old ram Koyun muttered beneath his breath "There are wolves around." "Two wolves," whispered Melehme, who had peeped into the darkness through a crack between the logs. "Three wolves. Let us rouse the dogs." Their whimpering bleating aroused the most alert of the dogs. He pricked up his ears, scented the wolves, and without hesitation ran, barking furiously, to the gate of the enclosure, just in time to spring at the throat of Saryk, the thief, who was on the point of sneaking in.

Huzza! How quickly the dogs were on the spot! The shepherds jumped from their beds, arming themselves with hatchets and guns. Shots and shrieks, the gurgling of the strangled, the wailing of the wounded, the plaintive death-groans of the crushed reverberated through the night. Far out into the vast expanse of snow, shepherds and dogs chased the fleeing packs of Saryk.

In the ditch by the fence, weltering in her blood, the mother wolf lay and moaned: "I can understand the sheep, who are afraid of us, for they fear for their lives. I can understand the men, who chase us; they covet their food. But I cannot understand the dogs. What leads them to treat us even more harshly than do their masters, the shepherds? Do they own the sheep? May they eat their meat, drink their milk, or shear off their wool? Why do the dogs forget that we are their kin, their hungry, savage kin? While they, the well-fed traitors, from time immemorial glut their bellies in satiated slavery, we, free but wretched, roam through bush and briar, and have no more enraged enemies than our sleek brothers, the dogs." Thus spoke the mother wolf, dying in the ditch by the fence.

The shepherds returned, heavily laden with captured pelts. Combative, barking triumphantly, the dogs pranced around their masters. "A hard tussle, brothers," cried the oldest of the shepherds. "Let us refresh ourselves with wine. Boy, bring on the skins." And they squatted around the rekindled fire. The sheep had put their heads together and taken deep counsel. Old ram Koyun squeezed between the fence palings, appeared before the shepherds, and thus addressed them: "Thanks be to you, oh masters, who feed us and protect us. Thanks, heartfelt thanks to you and the dogs, who have just delivered us out of grave danger. Thanks in the name of the flock." The old shepherd nodded graciously. "It honours you sheep to appreciate our solicitude Often enough we risk our lives for you; so it is your duty to render devotion for our protection. Go thou, Koyun, and apprise the flock of our further goodwill and grace." The ram retired.

While they were drinking wine, one of the shepherds remarked: "Are you not hungry, brothers, after our hunt? How would it do to butcher Koyun, the old ram?" And they did. He died a patriot.

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Washington

By ALOYSIUS COLL

THE white-walled Rome of an unwritten epic,
Spreading like the waters of a new well run;
Drinking at the lips of a clear green river
Rising in the fountains and the wells of the sun!

Nothing of imperial dust in her cellars,
Nothing of the torn old tower and dome;
Mistress of her clean white halls unhaunted—
City of the sunrise, altar, and home!

City of the sunrise hills unhaunted
By the skulls of kings and the ribs of decay;
Seeded in the earth like a clean deep tap-root—
The granite in the oak of her boughs today!

A white ship built in a cool green forest
And launched with the green leaves fresh on her bow,
Sun on her sails and foam on her anchors,
Half way out on her maiden trip now!

The clean new Rome of an unwritten epic,
Spreading to the borders of a universal dream;
A white ship launched on a universal river,
Steering for the sun at the mouth of the stream!

A Republic!

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

HER faith abandoned and her place despised,
Her mission lost through ridicule, hooted forth
From the forum she erected, by cat calls,
And tory sneers and schemes. Her basic law
Scoffed out of court, amended at the need
Of stomachology by the judges, or
A majority of States, as it is said—
Rather by drunks and grafters, for the time
The spokesmen of the States, coerced and scared
By Methodists with a fund to hire spies,
And unearth women scrapes, or other sins
With which to say: Vote dry, or be exposed.
A marsh Atlantis drifting, towed at last
By pirates into harbor, made a pasture
For alien hatreds, greeds. A shackled press,
And voices gagged, creative spirits frozen,
Obtunded by disgust or fear. War only,
Armies and navies speak the national mind,
And make it move as a man; for other things
Resistance, thought divided, ostracism,
Or jail for their protagonists. At the mast
The cross above the cross-bones, in between
The starry banner. A people hatched like chickens:
Of feeble spirit for much inter-crossing,
Without vision and without will, incapable
Of lusty revolution whatever right
Is spit upon or taken. A wriggling mass
Bemused and babbling, trampling private right
As a tyrant tramples it, calling it law
Because it speaks the majority of the mob.
A land that breeds the reformer, the infuriate
Will in the shallow mind, the plague of frogs
That hop into our rooms at Pharaoh's will,
And soil our banquet dishes, hour of joy.
A giantess growing huger, duller of mind,
Her gland pituitary being injured!

In the Driftway

THE two poems which appear in this issue of *The Nation* seem to the Drifter to symbolize and epitomize the United States as well as anything which he has seen in many months—to symbolize and epitomize it, that is, by the contrast of the moods to which they give expression. Hope and confidence have been our chief national moods: the hope of the pioneer that somewhere nearer the sun he will find a finer world than the one he has lived in; the confidence of strong simple youth that its aims must be as good as they seem to itself and that they must succeed. It is not solely our Anglo-Saxon arrogance. Obscurely we have known that we were the testing-ground of Europe; that here the race had breathing-space and elbow-room and almost infinite resources. Not to believe in America has been to be skeptical of humanity's power to do anything for itself no matter how happy its circumstances. Not to believe has been to doubt the very future. Hopefulness has therefore grown in us to be almost a sixth sense of the soul, almost another faculty. As a race we view the universe like young men seeing visions, not like old men dreaming dreams. The future has become for us what the past has been for most nations—the true arena and splendid landscape of our imaginations.

* * * * *

INTO these gorgeous visions how deeply the war and the treaty have cut we are only just beginning to realize, now that our voices are once more ours to use with some freedom. Doubtless there will be fewer spokesmen for our disillusion than for our traditional confidence, but the accents of that disillusion are certain to be heard. Some of us said noisily two years ago when we entered the war that as a nation we had finally come of age and assumed our share of the burdens of the adult nations of the earth. But will not another century, looking back at this, judge that our maturity (of whatever degree) began less with our war-making than with the dark hours which followed, when we asked ourselves whether we had really been the ardent dupes of cynical old civilizations, and whether our young strength had been only green awkwardness, and whether it could be possible that on our magnificent frontier we had shaped no genuine new ideals but had only sprawled and boasted? Every American who thinks at all has had to ask himself such things, all the more angrily in proportion as he had cherished the old hope in the old colors. Has the quality we thought our national blessing, we further ask, been only our national folly? Even that due measure of hope which we need to keep our spirits alive we suspect. But perhaps we can take some consolation from the fact that the two moods do exist together, neither of them alone filling the horizon; that even while criticism is making its devastating inroads upon our complacency, as in Mr. Masters's bitter poem, there still stands erect among us the spirit which sings through Mr. Coll's lines, the spirit still of great expectations and the vision of a high hope.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

In Reply to Mr. Lamont

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That Mr. Lamont and the American specialists charged with framing the financial and commercial clauses of the treaty were throughout in a more liberal position (from whatever motives) than the British or any other delegation, it is a pleasure to concede. Mr. Lamont's denial that every British functionary requested modification of the treaty in the closing negotiations upon that document on its face merely amounts to an insistence that the British delegation *in toto* was not in favor of such a change. Quibbling aside, let us look at the historic fact.

The British delegation did, on receipt of the German counter-proposal, inaugurate moves looking to the amelioration of the treaty; and urged American delegates to assent. The force of these moves may be judged by their success. In the course of them Mr. Lloyd George brought it about that Upper Silesia, given originally to Poland, was made subject to the result of a plebiscite. A short time previously a similar demand from the same source had resulted in the rectification of the German frontiers in the Vistula Valley, thereby preventing inclusion of large German minorities within Polish borders. To the same impulse is ascribed the slight relaxation in the military terms imposed, as likewise the change in the Saar Basin arrangement.

"Idle gossip" indulged no such vice of moderation. Current rumor insisted that a powerful British party demanded the negotiation of a German alliance. And the Paris papers for days exhibited in blank columns the ruthless censorship of discussions upon this and related subjects.

In one respect Mr. Lamont is apparently misinformed. I never was Paris correspondent for *The Nation*, nor was I otherwise connected. I was merely one of a group of attachés of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, who hoped to see this country saved from the shame of breaking the word which Mr. Wilson had plighted, and which American blood had sealed.

New York, September 16 A. A. BERLE, JR.

An Open Letter to President Wilson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have sent the accompanying letter to the President of the United States.

Sandusky, Ohio, July 26 EDWARD P. GRAHAM

"MR. PRESIDENT:

"If you had shaken the dust of Paris off your feet when your Fourteen Points were rejected, some would have mocked and sneered, but the common people, of whom God made so many, would have hailed you the world over as the herald and savior of democracy. But you seem to think that the end justifies the means, that good can come out of alliance with injustice. You speak of the God of justice and liberty and you ask this country to defend both injustice and political and economical slavery. Under the fair guise of a cure or a preventive of war, you present a scheme of old-time politicians designed to perpetuate iniquity. England is to hold Ireland in spite of our debt to her and in spite of the words of our Congress of a hundred years ago and of today. You shut your eyes to the accusing fingers of thousands and tens of thousands who, under various flags, fought also, inspired by your words, for that unfortunate country. You keep not faith with those who died. Japan is to hold Korea because she crushed it. She is to exploit Shantung because she brow-beat China; and we are not only to hold our peace, but to assist the aggressors. If we are not to share, we are to defend ill-gotten gains. America is to step down from her pedestal and join the survivors of a secret, self-seeking, contemptible system of bargaining cabinets who respect no law, human or divine, and not even their own pledged words, when pelf or power appeals. It is doubtful, Mr. President, if you can invoke with a clear conscience the God of justice and liberty, since you have joined hands with those upon whom falls the anathema, 'Cursed be he who removes his neighbor's landmarks' (Deut. 2, 17). Your defenders have of late ceased speaking of the morality of your public acts. They have given up pleas for the League of Nations on moral grounds. They write and talk much of expediency, of compromise, of business, of fear of war. Has Providence need of the perjuries of men and the crimes of nations to promote the welfare of humanity? As for the churches which are said to back the League, I simply ask: Are they changing not only their creeds, but also their code of morals? Do you not see how intolerable, how immoral it is, that because others refuse to keep their word, America must also break hers; that the honest must yield, not the dishonest?

"Your acts will one day be judged by an all-seeing eye. Do not plead for justice and deny it at the same time. Do not cry liberty and in its name defend despotism. Do not silence the voices that come from beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific and call it peace. Do not tell us to pass by the nations that lie wounded and bleeding by the roadside, because circumstances made their assailants for a while our fellow-combatants. In the name of Him in whom we trust and by the blood of those who lie on many a foreign battlefield, do not betray the very cause for which we, at any rate, fought."

A Peace Treaty of 100 Words

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning the treaty of peace—the eighty-thousand word compilation now agitating the statesmen of the world—the writer begs to submit the following less than 100-word formula as a substitute: Whereas, justice demands that the seas of the world shall be open to all; that the nations big and little shall have unrestricted right of trade; therefore, it is declared: the seas hereafter shall be recognized as common property, open and free to the uses of all, and also that the ports and harbors shall be open to the exchange wants of the world, nations to have the right of free trade one with another.

Such disposition of world rights would at once and forever make warring an improbability. There would be nothing to fight about. The peoples of the world would become as brothers; each serving all, all serving each; service and not profits governing, the expenses of government as nothing compared with present methods.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio, August 26 J. J. FULTZ

Vlora's Olive Trees

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Plaku i katundit gomar n' u baftë, mos i hypë, por merrë per lakut." (If your town daddy makes an ass of himself, do not follow him, but lead him into a better path.)

I know full well that my attempt to right the wrong done to the Albanians will be characterized as quixotic. In clamoring for justice to the Albanian people, I am challenging the wisdom of the highest authorities of the land. The city of Vlora has been offered to Italy by the well-known memorandum of April 14, so that the dove of peace cannot fly any more to the famous Olive Grove and return with an olive leaf in her mouth for fear of being shot by an Italian *carabiniere*. "Il glorioso immancabile destino del popolo italiano" is no improvement on the more familiar "manifest destiny" or "divine plan." The Paris Slave Market has proved to be worse than the Congress of Vienna. The Spanish lover who is willing to give to his sweetheart one-half of the city of Seville is an honest person compared with the statesmen of the present day who bestow whole towns that do not belong to them.

I, for one, protest against such *addictio et condonatio*.

Worcester, Mass., August 31 JOSEPH DE PEROTT

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P-D

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I came into Douglas last evening on the Phelps-Dodge railroad—the El Paso and Southwestern—and naturally went to the hotel owned by the Phelps-Dodge Corporation. This morning I spent some time at the Y. M. C. A.—salaries paid there, largely, by the Phelps-Dodge Company. I went to the Public Library and asked, among other things, for *The Nation*. The pleasant librarian told me that they did not take it.—Yes, there were calls for it, but the management had not considered it necessary or desirable.—*The New Republic?* Yes, she had the files of a year or so up to last November—the management had not thought it necessary or desirable since then. I was puzzled, and to avoid further embarrassment sought to conceal myself behind the magazine rack. "Copper Queen Library" was stamped on the magazine covers, and again I sought the librarian.—Yes, it was the Copper Queen Library.—Yes, it was also the Public Library; you see the Phelps-Dodge Company provide the library for the town.—Oh, yes, they select the books and magazines—that is, somebody in the manager's office does—some things are donated. I asked if all donations were accepted—well, yes; of course they are approved by the manager's office.

I left the Library and went by the tennis courts marked P-D to the post office. I asked the man cutting the lawn, "Is this Federal property?" "Yes, from the curb over there; part of the lawn belongs to the Phelps-Dodge Company. They sold the corner to the Government for the Federal Building." I walked through the Phelps-Dodge park to the City Hall. I went in—there was the symbol P-D—Police Department this time—or was it Phelps-Dodge? I'm not sure, but I went into a stuffy little court room and asked one of the white-hatted Arizona "man's men" if that was the place of the "wob" cases. It was.

The sun shone in at one window but it was shut off from the others by the P-D department store building. The county attorney was conducting the preliminary hearings in a group of 351 cases before the justice of the peace. Two clever men represented the defendants—two clever men employed by the P-D.

These are unique cases in the history of the I. W. W. and of the United States, because the members of the I. W. W. with a much greater number of other workingmen are the complaining witnesses, and the men accused of crime—351 of them—are the leading citizens of the district, who conducted the deportation of nearly 1,200 men two years ago. The crimes charged are abduction, kidnapping, robbery, and assault. There have also already been filed thirty suits for damages to the men deported, aggregating $12,000,000, with more to follow. And the results—will they bear the symbol P-D? I wonder.

Douglas, Ariz., July 18 R. J. Baker

Stanley Sailors' Home and America

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The war has brought the two great English-speaking people together in many ways. One of these not generally known, perhaps, is the assistance given to shipwrecked Americans by English sailors' hospitals. Among those which freely opened their doors to Americans needing assistance is the Stanley Sailors' Home of Holyhead. Here were received in April, 1918, for example, passengers and crew from the ship Oronso, torpedoed and sunk in nine minutes, when carrying, among others, 62 members of the American Y. M. C. A. mission to France. The wing of the Stanley Home used for shipwrecked crews urgently needs repair and enlargement, and Miss J. H. Adeane, honorary secretary of the special building fund, hopes that Americans may join in the undertaking. Contributions should be sent to Miss Adeane, Plâs Llanfawr, Holyhead, England, or the undersigned will forward them.

1910 Wadena St., E. Cleveland, O. Oliver Farrar Emerson

Literature

Recent Poetry

The Beloved Stranger. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Solitary. By James Oppenheim. B. W. Huebsch.
Small Craft. By C. Fox Smith. George H. Doran Company.
Poems. By Iris Tree. John Lane Company.
Catholic Tales and Christian Songs. By Dorothy Leigh Sayers. Robert M. McBride & Company.
The Way of Wonder. By May Doney. George H. Doran Company.
Sonnets of Herbert Scholfield. Alfred A. Knopf.

According to William Marion Reedy, who writes an introduction to Mr. Witter Bynner's latest poems, this volume gives evidence of a remarkable, not to say tragic, psychical experience on the part of the poet. It will be recalled that a little collection of verses burlesquing the work of the imagists appeared three years ago, with the title "Spectra," and that it later transpired that this was the work of Mr. Bynner and a fellow-poet. Mr. Bynner's pseudonym, for the nonce, was Emanuel Morgan. Now, says Mr. Reedy, the personality of Emanuel Morgan has proved to have emerged more and more in that of his medium or creator, until it dominates his poetical work as that of the mysterious "Fiona McLeod" supplanted the personality of the late William Sharp. Since even in the volume of "Spectra" Mr. Reedy found evidence of genius beyond the reach of laughter, the capture of Mr. Bynner's pen by the new personality—or the entering into him of the devil of imagism—is by no means represented in the preface as a tragic matter; it is we who use that word. For, despite the charm and interest of certain portions of the present volume, we cannot enjoy it without a pang of regret for the more authentic Witter Bynner of "The New World." This quasi-submerged personage is no doubt still amused (and wishes us to be) by the imaginative antics of his incubus or "control"—by

> The look in your eyes
> Was as soft as the under side of soap in a soap-dish

or "oysters white as dawn and singing from the sea." Whereas at other moments we suppose him to be fascinated and even thrilled a little (and to wish us to be) by the unexpected combinations of association and feeling which word-jugglery, always dextrous and sensitive to sound and color, may turn up; as when one is sometimes really moved by the beauty of a new word formed by the accidents of the cards in logomachy. To look more seriously, there are in this sequence some delicate imitations of Chinese lyric, which happily reproduce the Oriental practice of presenting a fugitive analogy between a natural phenomenon and a human mood. We quote what is perhaps the best of these, called "Cherry-Blossoms":

> A child,
> Looking at you, a cherry-bough,
> And at me, a river,
> Saw you and you, two cherry-boughs,
> And laughed.
> For run as fast as ever I may,
> My heart
> Moves only with you,
> Only with your blossoms,
> Remembering them
> Or awaiting them,
> Moving when you move in the wind
> And still when you are still.

And again there are flashes of ironic imagery that swiftly illuminate whole deserts of experience; as—

> And I can still go about the world
> As patient as a beggar with one arm,
> As valiant as a crab with one quick claw.

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Mr. James Oppenheim may be viewed as the most complete follower, in our present poetry, of the Whitman tradition. Like its founder, he conceives of the poet primarily as one who exposes himself to the multitudinous impinging forces of nature and civilization, letting them roll in upon him like waves upon a bather sprawling on the beach. Like Whitman, too, Mr. Oppenheim finds the significance of all these impressions in their relationship to the progress of Man. In the intense humanity of his verse lies, one might say, both its strength and its weakness. He has the courage of faith without its insight or rationale; peers through the chaos which humanity persists in making of itself and its world, expecting always some impossible lifting of Man by Man, without perception of the ancient truth that a god must mingle in the game. The verse and style are like the thought—impressive in their surging, eddying movement among all the crags and caverns of experience, and nobly sincere in their reaction to what they find, but commonly lacking in what Coleridge called "the *shaping* spirit of imagination." Moreover, they have all too little of the mysterious harmonies of Whitman. Despite these limitations, the poems of "The Solitary" are notably expressive of the social and intellectual confusion, the blend of half-formed, worthily felt indignations, hopes, and despairs of America at the present moment.

The frontispiece of Miss Iris Tree's collection represents the head of the author, not, it is on every account to be hoped, by way of direct portraiture, but in more or less symbolic presentation of the pouting weariness with which she contemplates her environment. For the most part she devotes her verse to the detestable in man and nature, with the negligible indignation of the mere onlooker rather than the more wholesome anger of a protagonist; and our respect for her sufferings is not reenforced by her dangerously self-conscious interest in what her publishers call "the use and arrangement of words." But it is true that this interest in words produces some really significant results, and also that at times Miss Tree's indignation combines with it for the forging of weapons of penetrative satiric power.

> Pity them all, the imperative faces
> That peer through the dark where we sleep in our laces,
> Where we skulk among cushions in opulent places,
> With indolent postures and frivolous graces. . . .
>
> Drowning our flutes, till the cries of the city
> Flurry us, flutter us, force us to pity,
> Force us to sigh and arrange a committee,
> Tea-party charity danced to a ditty.

After all these volumes which we have been considering, it will be admitted that nothing could be better than a brisk seabreeze; and this is ready for us in the stirring and salty chanteys of Miss Fox Smith's "Small Craft." Miss Smith catches and keeps the tone of sailors' personality with extraordinarily masculine vigor, and her verse is ready either to move with a steady breeze or to tack and shift effectively as occasion requires. In the later sections of the volume she leaves the dramatic monologue to speak in her own person, more or less, and her admirable technique does not forsake her in the field of conventional lyric. Witness these lines from a charming summary of the elements of Romance:

> Fords perilous, and haunted reach and pool,
> Far-shining spires under the blaze of noon,
> And twilight shrines of visions wonderful,
> Dusk, and an angry moon. . . .
>
> Dark crooked streets with lights like peering eyes,
> Plotters in half-lit halls of palaces,
> Orchards and gardens full of lurking spies,
> And whispering passages.
>
> Travail and bondage, battle-flags unfurled,
> Earth at the prime, and God earth's wrongs above,
> Honour and hope, youth and the beckoning world,
> Peril and war and love!

The two volumes next in view, also from Great Britain, may be viewed as fascinatingly contrasting studies in religious verse. Miss Sayers is steeped in the spirit of mediæval Christianity, and follows everywhere the forms of its literary expression, in ballad, hymn, or miracle-play, but re-writes each of them into daringly modern meanings. Reverence and naïve boldness blend, at times, as in a child's uses of religious tradition; thus we have verses on the Good Shepherd, quaintly modeled on the nursery-rhyme of Bo-Peep, and others on "Big Brother Christ." At other times there are deep imaginative conceits which a Donne might have hit upon; for instance, a really thrilling little poem, suggested by the old fairy tale of an ignorant boy who undertook to read a magic scroll; here it is Time blundering through God's book from alpha to omega. Or, yet again, Miss Sayers turns her ancient matter into satire; and of satire we should not know where to find a keener instrument, in recent literature, than in her deliberately outrageous mystery-play on "The Mocking of Christ." Packed full of meaning, then, is this singular little volume; but its admiring readers are destined to be few, since they must be possessed of a delicate equilibrium between the love of religious tradition and the ability to transcend its limitations. Miss Doney's poems, on the other hand, are mystical in a simpler, unhumorous fashion, and if they shock any sensitive soul, it will be because of their intensely feminine fusion (or confusion) of amatory and religious sentiment. Wifehood and motherhood she finds forever suggestive of the Incarnation and the Divine Lover; she would have been of one mind with the theologians who first undertook to interpret the book of Canticles as concerned with the loves of Christ and the Church. Apart from her subject-matter, her verse glows with Irish warmth and color, and easily makes its own melody in the manner of an old song:

> I've washed my hands in the winds, my dear, to lay
> their love on you;
> I've washed my mouth in the rain, to take your kisses;
> I've cleansed these eyes, that shall drink your good, in
> sight of the silver dew;
> And I'm ready to laugh as the white soul of your blisses.

Mr. Scholfield's volume is of a type which normally stirs, first of all, resentment: its appeal is made to depend upon a friend's preface in which we learn that the poet is shut up to a life of invalidism. All very well for purposes humane, one thinks, but not poetic. Yet sometimes, as in a few of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and in Lee-Hamilton's on "The Wingless Hours," we have learned that there is a legitimate blend of interest in a poem and in the life behind it. Mr. Scholfield's sonnets cannot for a moment be placed beside those just mentioned, in point of technical attainment; but the sequence presents, with limpid clearness and sincerity, a deeply conceived and deeply moving theme. Its first section depicts in imagination an active life of marital love and paternity; its second the deliberate renunciation of the joys thus vividly apprehended. Everywhere the personality revealed is felt to be one in which character has triumphed nobly over fate; and sometimes this primarily moral value is transfigured into a value truly poetic. Sonnet 111 is such an instance:

> No children heirs to my life will be born,
> That I should say, In them I shall survive.
> If this my all of hope, well might I mourn,
> And useless would it seem that I should live.
> Nor can I in my trade with friends impart—
> As daily in the market-place I wait—
> The title to these riches of my heart,
> Which do but more and more accumulate.
> Must moth and rust and mildew be my heirs,
> My joy in gathered store of beauty vain?
> And truths be lost, mined by a thousand cares
> And melted in the furnace heat of pain?
> Nay! I shall sail, when the night wind shall rise,
> To a far country with my merchandise.

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The Mind of Nietzsche

Nietzsche the Thinker. By William M. Salter. Henry Holt and Company.

THE Nietzsche of the literary tradition and the popular press has been a sort of Peck's Bad Boy of both philosophy and letters. To the *illuminati* of the literary world he has been an object of adoration and quotation; to certain professors of ethics and to space-writers of the Sunday press, he has been a theme of gusty and delicious reprehension. The rebellious were always envisaging life and society as obstacles in their aspirations toward Supermanhood, and the people were always taking a very vicious dialectical fall out of Nietzsche for his nasty animadversions upon the proprieties. It cannot be said that either showed signs of having read him—whether they were members of the cult of "Young Germany" or pseudo-classicists or pedants in coeducational institutions. Out of phrases like "transvaluation of all values," "superman," "will to power," "God is dead," and other such, they wove a garment into which they packed their own aversions, fears, weaknesses, preferences, hopes, impulses, frustrations, and repressions, together with their rationalizations of them, and then called the stuffed doll Nietzsche. The war did not improve the figure so produced. Its mythical redundancies were further padded with nationalisms, militarisms, and cruelties as little pertaining to the mind of the real Nietzsche as the self-revelation of that mind in Nietzsche's work was read or regarded by the German Junkers who were declared throughout the war to have made a gospel and a practice of them. The monstrous mythological figure so brought into being was about as oppugnant to the thinker and his thoughts as anything could be. Indeed, Nietzsche has suffered more misunderstanding and misinterpretation than any other significant intellect of the age. The fault, however, does not lie altogether in the age itself. There was that in Nietzsche's manner and method, that in his substance, which invited, which seduced readers to treat his work exactly as they have treated it. He was in himself too idiosyncratic, too varied and impulsive of utterance, too oracular, not to be constantly touching off passions, hopes, and hatreds, which, once set going in the reader, blind him to other things which the writer has said that are equally there and equally important. Nietzsche fired rather than illuminated his followers, and their renderings of him reveal themselves far more than him.

The great value of Mr. Salter's book, the thing which makes it unique in the voluminous literature of commentary upon Nietzsche, is the fact that he has brought together, in a mosaic of due shades and relevancies and proportions, all the things that Nietzsche has said on the various themes that he honored with his attention, and has revealed the mind of Nietzsche in its substantive structure and articulation. The traditional procedure of the Nietzscheans Mr. Salter always has in mind; and it is natural enough that he seems to understate what is usually overemphasized and to stress what is usually slurred. The result is a portrait, an anatomy or architectonic of Nietzsche's mind admirable in its impersonality, and most extraordinary in its assiduous and painstaking arrangement of multifold detail, not an item missed, into the great conceptual patterns of Nietzsche's thought. Thus Mr. Salter has written the best book on Nietzsche that the English language possesses, and it is doubtful whether there is anything in any other language quite equal to it.

How distinguished Mr. Salter's achievement is can be realized only by realizing Nietzsche's temperament and his way of working. He was, throughout the greater part of his life, an invalid, a man with robust constitution marred by an inherited nervous taint. His most comprehensive exercise was thinking, and his thinking was never systematic, ratiocinative, the outcome of studious and painstaking observation and analysis of facts and events. His excellent philologic training had little influence on his philosophic procedure. His sufferings, moods, and impulses had every influence. They underlie the beat of his prose-rhythms, his oracularity, and the effect of breathlessness and things unspoken which marks much of his writing. This writing can hardly be said to consist of books. It was his wont to set down reflections as they came to him under the specific and irrecoverable impulsions of places, times, circumstances, and passions. In the course of time enough apothegms of a given kind accumulated to make up a volume, and, classified somewhat and arranged, into a volume they were made. Out of the sixteen odd tomes in which Nietzsche's utterance is gathered hardly one exhibits the continuity and architectonic proper to philosophical writing. His health was not equal to the demands of sustained and intensive work of this kind. His whole life was a battle for power over pain. The secret of him, and of his influence, is that he projected his life upon the world. His philosophy is, more peculiarly than most others, a vast pathetic fallacy. It is in essence a perverse kind of salvationism attained by standing Schopenhauer on his head. For in his beginnings Nietzsche was an orthodox and convinced Schopenhauerian. Life, he acknowledged, was will and struggle; to be was to be unhappy. The goal of existence, its eternal and ineluctable terminus, must hence be non-existence, must be the self-negation of the will, its subsidence and self-pacification into Idea—Idea particularly as art and as religion. The Apollonic, as Nietzsche would say, was a higher form of art than the Dionysian. Both the tragedy which is life and the tragedy to which art attains seek escape in the serenities of Apollo from the passions of Dionysus. That escape is salvation, that serenity is easement of the pain of being.

To Nietzsche, however, as he lived out his life, no such easement came; neither by the way of art, nor the way of religion. He found that in order to render life tolerable at all, he needed to feel more at home in the pain of it, to live in pain more abundantly rather than to escape from it. So, by a process of compensatory adjustment, he learned not only to live in pain but to insist that pain was the indispensable condition of living well. His great men, the forerunners and avatars of his Supermen, are all alone-living, pain-bearing, and pain-giving men. To endure pain, to accept and enjoy destruction, not to resist or evade it—that for Nietzsche is salvation. By making the universe the companion of his misery and his misery the metaphysical inwardness of the good, Nietzsche succeeded in easing existence somewhat for himself. His whole teaching might be summed up in the formula which sublimates this process. "Destroy yourself and your neighbor as yourself," is his burden, "in order that something better than both of you may come to be."

It was to be expected that so personally psychological and autobiographical a theory of life as Nietzsche's should be expressed in innumerable inconsistent apothegms infinitely relevant to the unshareable privacies of sentiment, impulse, and inhibition of his readers, but altogether irrelevant to the objective movement of his times. Nietzsche was blind to the actualities both of history and of society. He understood neither the industrial revolution and its social implications nor political democracy. His criticisms and commentaries on the state, society, and social programmes spring from a centre of personal resentment and are colored by a feudalist "cultural" rather than an industrial "scientific" psyche. There is nothing of sociological understanding nor societal acumen in them. As bearing on the processes of social change and the real conditions and causes of progress they are simply irrelevant. As a reaction of the autonomous individual to a restraining society, as the poetry of compensation and self-liberation, they are among the more magnificent utterances of the instinctive nature in man. They awaken the desire for freedom, even though they fail to bring an understanding of it. In this is the strength and the weakness of Nietzsche, and it has been Mr. Salter's great merit, without committing himself to one view or another, to translumine Nietzsche so as to show his strength and his weakness in the clear.

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Freedom Old and New

The Old Freedom. By Francis Neilson. B. W. Huebsch.

THIS is a concise study of the increasingly pressing economic problem. The author voices a regard for "the known rules of ancient liberty" and caters not at all to the modern way of paternalistic and socialistic palliatives. The book will surprise many by its impressive evidence that our economic salvation is to come by recovering lost liberties rather than by setting up new devices. Altogether, Mr. Neilson's work cannot fail to interest the great body of our American people whose instincts are justly and sanely conservative, to whom socialism and toryism are alike repugnant, and who are wide enough awake to know that our social structure is not yet secure and that it must be made secure even if we have to take some radical steps. These steps, the author indicates, are only such as are needed for the achievement of that amount of individual freedom which we in America have always intended to have.

Mr. Neilson takes as a text a recent pronouncement of Mr. Charles M. Schwab to the effect that the pressing need of the hour is "the putting of economic principles first" and the "economic use of everything." Mr. Neilson develops to fine purpose this excellent though neglected idea. As he sees it, there are certain clear-cut economic principles conformity to which has brought well-being and a peaceful order. He finds us far from conformity with such principles. He observes that political democracy can be of enduring value only so long as the people have equal economic opportunity; he points out that there can be no such equality of opportunity so long as any man must come to terms with a fellow-man for a "right to use the earth, the only source from which he can draw his sustenance." He holds that "only by taking the [site] value of land in taxation can labor, capital, and the public be treated fairly." For evidence he turns to the history of English landholding, and of the loss of equal rights which gradually came about. He outlines syndicalism, the various forms of socialism, and similar proposals, and shows why he thinks they will not do; he closes with a chapter entitled "The Way to Freedom." Mr. Neilson's "Way to Freedom" simmers down to a firm, well-directed recognition of the natural rights of the individual. He believes that thus only can we escape the fate which has already befallen Europe; that "by restoring natural rights we shall reset the old foundations and rebuild the best of our institutions, so that America can again open her gates to all who love liberty."

One must, in these days, call special attention to Mr. Neilson's exposition of two striking instances of the futility of what he aptly calls "non-essential reform." He points out that in the very Germany "where nearly everything was nationalized" there resulted "little or no satisfaction among the general mass of the workers"; that in Germany, where almost every known scheme of paternalistic palliative was in force, "poverty and pain were rampant in the land. At the last German general election, before the war began, the Social Democratic party asked for freedom of trade, freedom of speech, freedom of press, and freedom of platform; they demanded the abolition of *lèse-majesté*. At that election the Social Democrats, for the first time since the Empire was founded, placed in the forefront of their programme the demand for the abolition of compulsory military service, and increased their voting strength by over 1,250,000 votes, and became the largest party in the Reichstag"; and the German tories concluded it was time for a war. He points out also that "the whole gamut of non-essential reform" was run in England in the fourteen years prior to the war. "From small holdings and allotments to minimum wage for miners, from boards for sweated industries to licensing bills, from insurance for the workers to mental deficiency bills, from education to venereal diseases, from divorce to sanitation, from housing to the franchise, etc., etc., almost world without end. And yet no one was satisfied."

In a word, Mr. Neilson's book offers a valuable warning against various nostrums now being advertised and is an excellent tonic for those who believe that it is worth while to do something discriminating as well as resolute for the maintenance of the rights and principles which have produced the best in the America of the past and the present and which can be relied upon for greater things in the future if given a chance.

Hogan and Hennessy

Mr. Dooley On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I HEAR Dooley's out iv a job," said Mr. Hennessy, passing his glass across the soda-fountain for a second ginger-ale cocktail.

"Thrue," said Mr. Hogan, "as Shakespeare put it, 'O'Thello's occupation's gone.' Th' tap that wanst through Ar-rchey Road shed whativer soul is in two an' sivinty-five hundredths per cint. is dry, and a man don't need to thravel somewheres east of Suez to raise a thur-rst, though he has to get a prescription from Doc O'Leary to lay it. So Dooley has ixchanged th' fountain f'r th' fountain-pen. He's got out a new remedy f'r th' hy-sterrix."

"Has it anny al-co-hol in it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It has th' kick. Bound in green, two hunder' an' twinty-wan pages, for th' price iv—but sh-h-h, if I was t' tell ye the price, Sicrety Burleson wad bill me f'r runnin' an ad. Howiver, it's the truth that the cost iv livin' is higher without Dooley's book than with it. An' why? F'r the same reason that Gallagher's woman liked t' see himself with a pipe in his mouth. 'When a man ain't smokin',' she says, 'he's shure t' be fumin'.' There's a good manny people now that ye'd think had niver known th' blessing iv a short clay, an' Dooley's the man t' cure thim. Whin ye come home next March afther havin' tea with the A-ho-haitches, ye'll like to read maybe what he says about St. Pathrick's Day before we borried the eighteenth amindment from th' Turks. But it's not just the fun iv th' book that does th' thrick, though on a night whin Charlie Chaplin's not in town I commind ye to Dooley's picter iv the home life iv our arrystocrisy as a substitute. Nor is it the clever way he has iv makin' a new sayin' out iv an ould wan, though between us there's only wan man in th' United States that's his akel in that, an' he lives in Canady. It's because Dooley has a fut an' knows how to put it down. It's a gr-rand thing these days, Hinnissy, to know where ye stand and t' find it's not on yer head. But ye'll niver keep y'r head up unless ye can put y'r fut down hard. Suppose now ye was out iv a job, and th' butcher was suin' ye f'r a meat-bill, and a man with a red shirt was heavin' bricks through the windy iv th' flat, and th' janitor had sthruck f'r the right iv collective bargaining, an' the polis out iv sympathy with th' janitor, an' ye tillygraft t' Washin'ton f'r protiction, an' what do ye get? Next morning the Prisident writes to th' pa-apers: 'Me Fellow Citizens, I beg ye to be calm. Be placid and industhrious,' he says. 'Ye may think,' he says, 'that the government is unaware iv the sitooation. But ye're wrong' he says. 'Me and th' participants in this dispute has arranged a conference t' be held afther I have adjusted th' affairs iv Europe an' have given Mexico the mandatory f'r Lodge,' he says. 'We will proceed then to vintillate our grievances not only, but to clear th' air be argymint,' he says. 'Meantime I exhort ye to continue production. Y'r fri'nd, Woodrow.' Afther readin' that ye'll wish ye'd voted for Dooley. Whin a ruction happens, a man that's stood behind the bar for forty years won't tell ye t' clear th' air with gas. He'll tell ye t' clear the room with half a yard iv gas-pipe. An' that's why the book is good f'r the hy-sterrix."

"Is it a book ye've been talkin' about all this while," said Mr. Hennessy. "Where's th' need of that?"

"I'm thinkin'," answered Mr. Hogan, "that the counthry'll need Dooley as a writer until it needs him again as a barkeep."

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Varied Types

The Four Roads. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. George H. Doran Company.
Brute Gods. By Louis Wilkinson. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Old Card. By Roland Pertwee. Boni and Liveright.

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH stands very much alone among the younger British novelists. She is neither an analyst nor a rebel. Hers was, quite clearly, not originally an acquiescent mind. But even rebellion holds no illusion for her and she clings ever more closely and tenaciously to old and simple things in the slow lives of her native peasantry. As she has written in her wistful "Counsel of Gilgamesh":

> What canst thou know, O scholar,
> Which hath not long been known?
> What canst thou have, O spoiler,
> Which dead men do not own?

So she turns to the earth of Sussex and to the men who till it, and finds among them an unborrowed dignity, a strength, a quiet hopefulness far removed from what seems to her the vain striving and crying that fills the world. She is sustained by a deep sense of the continuity of the life of her native fields. Senlac still keeps the bloody lakes: the echo of "battles long ago" floats over the gorse: the world war was but another, if mightier, act in an unending historic process.

The theme of "The Four Roads" is that of the impact of the war upon a group of Sussex yeomen. To these people it was a dim and remote thing. They read no newspapers and have no glib phrases. They answered its summons with heaviness and reluctance, but bore it with that large patience that belongs to the peasantry of all lands. And thus Miss Kaye-Smith's book, redolent as it is of her own land and shire, attains to an uncommon depth and universality of vision. The lads who fell in France "had not died for England—what did they know of England and the British Empire? They had died for a little corner of ground which was England to them, and the sprinkling of poor, common folk who lived in it. Before their dying eyes had risen not the vision of England's glory, but just these fields, with the ponds and the woods and the red roofs." And that has been true, of course, of the plain men of all countries and in all wars, and will always be true of them.

Miss Kaye-Smith's treatment of her theme is original and simple at the same time and illustrates once more the structural flexibility of the novel. The book is divided into seven sections, each of which treats the life and the story involved from the point of view of one of the seven chief characters and is headed by that character's name. But in each section the background, both in nature and in man—the latter represented by the parents of the central family—remains the same. Thus there are nine people in the book and each of these nine is an achievement of a very high order. Miss Kaye-Smith's descriptions of scenery are often wordy in style and blurred in impression, but her men and women have a solidity and earth-born reality that few of our contemporaries can surpass. She has the rare gift of appearing to let her characters feel and act directly before our eyes, whereas in most novels we are always aware of seeing them through the ever present medium of the author's mind and art. This is the oldest way of presenting character in action, and still the noblest. To possess that power at all is to have proven the authenticity of one's creative gift.

There could be no greater contrast than that between Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's quiet strength and Mr. Louis Wilkinson's morose, analytical restlessness. From any conventional point of view she might be thought by far the more virile. It could be fairly urged, on the other hand, that in the present state of the world hard and close thinking is more important than beautiful creation, even when such thinking is done by a somewhat harsh and very unquiet mind. It is certain, at all events, that some of Mr. Wilkinson's friends and reviewers have done him a disservice in spreading the impression here and there that his work is, as the foolish phrase goes, "not meat for little people and for fools," that is to say, raw and a little salacious. "Brute Gods," at least, is nothing of this sort. It is a book quite without sensuous appeal. It is earnest and its earnestness is touched with pain. But the pain is either disguised under the coldness of the style and execution, or it is transferred to the nagging dislike with which Mr. Wilkinson pursues at least two of his characters.

The story deals with the inner perplexities of a youth of nineteen. He lives, like most young middle class people all over the world, amid stereotyped moral phrases, and catches glimpses of passions and events that seem to bear no relation to those phrases at all. His brother, who has returned from the war fatally weary and disillusioned, helps Alec Glaive, quite unintentionally, to see things in a different light, and the sensitive and finely tempered youth knows revolt and agony and despair. But the merits of the story are in its details rather than in its larger outlines. Mr. Wilkinson has gone on little excursions of moral discovery and has undoubtedly extended the boundaries of the novelist's field of observation. The analysis, for instance, of the elder Glaive's "jealous moral indignation" at the escapades of his son, is, so far as we know, the first treatment in literature of an unlovely but important fact of the moral life. So is Alec's astonished recognition of the fact that the most radical leader of men, the preacher of immediate, direct action, can end his call to such action by an appeal to false and absurd sentimentalities, to conventional lies concerning matters of common knowledge but universal silence. It is unfortunate that, toward the end, Mr. Wilkinson's power of detached analysis deserts him. He himself yields finally to a delusion as romantic as any he assails. That Alec Glaive suffered through his recognition of the impermanence of the deepest and most transfiguring of human instincts is true. His determination, however, to join one of the monastic orders of the Anglican Church has nothing to do with him, but is due to a strain of morbidness in Mr. Wilkinson's own mind. The same is true of the treatment of Gillian Collett. In a word, Mr. Wilkinson himself is really nothing of a pagan and transfers the dark troubles of his own soul to people who would probably have arranged their lives much more naïvely and spontaneously. But there can be no doubt of his seriousness as an observer and of his ability as an artist to construct a striking record.

Mr. Roland Pertwee's "The Old Card" is a pleasant and unpretentious book of an older kind and belongs to an older world. The kindliness, the humor, the moral preoccupation—in a sense so amusingly different from Mr. Wilkinson's—determine its artistic date and character. But Mr. Pertwee's player-folk of the British provinces are also very different, and instructively different, from those of Dickens. The Vincent Crummleses were really a very decent lot. But they were so quite unconsciously. Mr. Eliphalet Cardomay, on the contrary, is a teetotaler, a moral man, and a gentleman with a touch of belligerency. He deprecates the little irregularities of the life about him and is bent on having his people quite as "nice" as any one else among the British middle classes. So is Mr. Pertwee himself, who writes of the provincial theatre from a large stock of personal experience. His best and most moving episode is the old provincial actor's attempt to star in London. Cardomay cannot learn the new tricks. He has spouted "noble" speeches in "The Night Cry" and "The Vespers" too long. Realistic acting is beyond him. But he has the grace and intelligence to realize the excellencies of the new manner. And so, since he considers the screen unworthy of his ancient and honorable art, he returns to the provinces where his pathetic style of declamation still finds an echo in untutored hearts. He is throughout a charming and interesting old fellow whom it is pleasant to know both for his own sake and for the light his character sheds on certain not very well-known phases of the moral and professional history of the British stage.

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Books in Brief

ENGLISHMEN are giving serious study to the proposal to extinguish the war debt by a "levy on capital." Late in 1917 the Chancellor of the Exchequer received a trade unionist deputation which urged the conscription of wealth, the Socialist and Labor parties soon endorsed the plan, and several economists gave it their reasoned support. Now letters to the papers, articles in the magazines, pamphlets, and books are arguing the merits and demerits of the scheme from every angle. The first book on the subject was Mr. F. W. Pethick Lawrence's "Levy on Capital" (London: Allen and Unwin) which came out in May, 1918, and went into a second edition in December. Mr. Lawrence held that before the war two per cent of the population owned 64 per cent. of the country's wealth, and that the distribution of property had become even more unequal during the war; "for the small number of rich men . . . retain most of what they had before and in addition . . . have added their right to participate, because of their holdings of war loans (bought largely out of profits on war contracts), in a great part of the wealth which future generations will create" (p. 44). The prospective net debt of six billion pounds might be wiped out, the national finances restored to a sound footing, and the glaring inequality of distribution reduced by a progressive levy which begins by taking, say, three per cent. from £150 of wealth and ends by taking 62 per cent. from a million. Little financial disturbance need be caused by this plan, for the Government could accept securities in payment, and the funds taken from property owners would be passed back to bond holders.

A GOOD example of open-minded criticism of the plan is Mr. J. E. Allen's "The War Debt and How to Meet It" (London: Methuen). Mr. Allen has nothing to say about the inequality in the distribution of ownership before the war, but he interprets the income-tax data to mean that the changes in distribution during the war were to the disadvantage of capitalists. The debt "has been incurred, mainly, in order to pay inflated rates to the wage-earners, not to pay inflated profits to the owners of property" (p. 113). Indeed, "most kinds of property have depreciated 30-60 per cent. as a direct result of the war, and of the method adopted in 1914-15 for financing it" (p. 97). In literal truth, "The war has been paid for by *a concealed levy* on certain kinds of property" (p. 95). To impose now a second, open levy on capital would be most unjust. The proper course is to make the income tax yield 450-500 millions by reducing the limit of exemption from £150 to £75, and by raising the rates. That would be equitable to all; it would balance the budget, and provide an adequate sinking fund.

PROFESSOR F. Y. EDGEWORTH'S lecture "A Levy on Capital for the Discharge of Debt" (Clarendon Press) is a balanced summary of the crucial issues in the whole debate. More than that, it is a shining example of literary skill triumphing over the difficulties presented by a technical subject. Professor Edgeworth follows the half-forgotten precedent of Ricardo, who clamored for a conscription of wealth to wipe out the debt left by the Napoleonic wars; but he follows with caution. "It may be concluded," he sums up, "that we should hold ourselves in readiness to adopt a levy on capital, but that we should not initiate the scheme until after further observation and reflection."

A STUDY of 1095 wage-earning women in the Italian districts of New York City is contained in Louise C. Odencrantz's "Italian Women in Industry" (Russell Sage Foundation). We learn that "the majority of this group of women were very young, two-thirds being under twenty-one years of age, while one-tenth were under sixteen"; that "factory work, largely on men's and women's clothing and on flowers and feathers, was the chief occupation of the women employed outside their homes"; that "slightly less than half had been born in the United States, and of these all but eighteen in New York, while all but eleven of the fathers whose birthplace was given had been born in Italy"; that the average per capita income for a group of forty-eight families was $195; that some had gone to school in America and some not, and that most of those who had gone left school early to marry or go to work; that there was much overwork, much overcrowding, and that living conditions in general were poor; that "given a living wage, the Italian can be depended upon to maintain a standard of decent living"; that the results of investigation present an indictment, "not of their personal standards but rather of the social and industrial conditions that are permitted to exist." All these conclusions, with most of the others contained in the book, we venture to say, might have been reached by a single well-qualified visitor among the Italian women with one-tenth the expenditure of time and energy, and published more effectively in one-tenth the space occupied by the wilderness of mathematics to which most of the pages of the book are devoted.

IT would be hard to find a topic naturally more interesting today than the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers and crippled workers, and even harder, perhaps, to find a book less interesting to the general reader than Dr. Dunton's "Reconstruction Therapy" (W. B. Saunders). The book is sketchy, is in some respects already out of date, and worst of all is couched in the jargon which many scientists mistake for English. Some of the sentences cry aloud for rehabilitation. Split infinitives reveal gaping wounds, plugged with the first convenient adverb. The author mentions "Sir Richard Calmady" as an inspiration to self-help! It is to be hoped that no "occupational director" will take such a hint seriously. There are some interesting remarks in the chapter on the qualifications of an occupational director, but Dr. Dunton's bitter announcement that building "a full grown chair" by gluing toothpicks together is a "nefarious and soul-clogging practice" seems not altogether in consonance with his own principle that work resulting in a useless product is better than idleness. An elaborate bibliography is appended. From the matter here given and from scattered observations in the body of the work it is no doubt possible for the earnest student of the subject to get valuable suggestions, but for the general reader the book is naught.

THE "Collected Historical Works of Sir Francis Palgrave" (Cambridge University Press), edited by his son, Sir R. H. Inglis Palgrave, the economist, carry us well back into the past of English historical scholarship. Born in 1788, as Francis Cohen, Palgrave belonged to the generation which opened up the rich treasures of the English public records and began to use them freely for the purposes of English history. As one of the editors for the Record Commission he "looked down long series of imperial folios," and as the first Deputy Keeper he gave twenty-two years to the organization of the Public Record Office. Full of enthusiasm for these tasks, he planned to accompany the documents by a sort of "preface and perpetual commentary" in the form of a comprehensive history of mediæval England, which finally reached the reign of Henry I. His writings show a vivid imagination and a wide range of learning, but they are diffuse and not over-critical and have never occupied a place of the first importance. One may question the wisdom of reissuing them in a costly dress for the twentieth century, which values Palgrave as a collector and editor of records rather than as a constructive historian. If we may judge from the two volumes of the "History of Normandy and England" so far published, the editor's notes add little that is new and fail to bring the work into touch with the scholarship of the present day. A prefatory memoir contains interesting extracts from Palgrave's correspondence.

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JAMES SULLY, one of the pioneers of British psychology, did not, like Herbert Spencer, submerge himself in a single life-interest. His latest book, "My Life and Friends: A Psychologist's Memories" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), is the record of a man devoted to music and literature as well as to his technical subject. The book is not burdened with formal information about himself. It does not tell us the date of his birth, or the name of his wife, or the number of his children. It begins the discreet and casual narrative of his life by a description of the sleepy Somersetshire town of Bridgwater, where he was born, and ends with a chance remark on Sicilian painted carts. It touches upon the circumstances of his childhood in a Nonconformist family and of his early education in Baptist schools; upon his student days in Germany under Ewald and Lotze; upon his literary and professional work in London, where he became Professor of Philosophy in University College. But it dwells most affectionately upon his vacations and upon the men and women whose intimacy or acquaintance he enjoyed. His account of afternoons in George Eliot's fireside circle, of Sunday excursions with Leslie Stephen, and of visits to Meredith's cottage at Boxhill, together with memories of such friends as Darwin, Stevenson, Huxley, Alexander Bain, Cotter Morison, Herbert Spencer, Henry Sidgwick, and William James, is the most agreeable reading in a volume compact of impressions drawn from a rich and fruitful career.

"DEMAIN: Profession de Foi de la Démocratie Nouvelle" (Paris: Payot), by an author writing under the pseudonym of "Lysis," brings a powerful indictment against the present parliamentary Government. To its "parasite politicians" he attributes all the ills of the country: unpreparedness, economic depression, waning national prestige, stagnation in public works, insufficient technical education, over-crowded professions, low wages, intemperance, and declining birthrate. "The system is rotten," he declares. "For two generations we have had radically false political ideas." Instead of letting politicians exploit the country in the name of the masses, he would establish a strong central Government consisting of a president, cabinet, and legislative council, leaving to Parliament only the power to approve or reject laws. The executive, no longer a mere figurehead with a "responsible" cabinet—that curse of the Third Republic—could, by making merit the basis of appointments, eliminate sterile wrangling and political corruption, restore national life, and plan a broad, stable policy. In short, "Lysis," though reluctant to admit it, apparently prefers a monarchy, and the form of government he outlines is virtually that of the Second Empire. "One man must direct our affairs," he concludes, asserting that in every efficient democracy the people should not govern but merely control legislation.

MR. EDWARD J. O'BRIEN, through his intrepid annual anthologies of magazine narratives, has made himself an institution, the Braithwaite of the short story. He has now collected twenty-eight stories which he calls "The Great Modern English Stories" (Boni & Liveright). No reader will quarrel with the initial selection, Hardy's "Three Strangers"; and few will object to such well-remembered pieces as Stevenson's "Lodging for the Night," Wilde's "Star-Child," and Kipling's "Three Musketeers" and "Wee Willie Winkie" (Kipling alone is twice represented). Nor will any one object very strenuously to the less known but varied and admirable stories: Blackwood's "Man Who Played Upon the Leaf," Hudson's "Old Thorn," Middleton's "Ghost Ship," Trevena's "Business is Business," and Burke's "Chink and the Child." But Lawrence's "Sick Collier," Gilbert Cannan's "Birth," and some of the other titles are more dubious. Wells is, of course, irrepressible but hardly at his best in "The Stolen Bacillus," and in "How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie" Barrie seems thin and sketch-like. Among the writers one is surprised to find excluded are Leonard Merrick and W. W. Jacobs. In the range of mood and subject matter, and in the not infrequent looseness of technique, one feels that H. G. Wells spoke for his countrymen when, some years ago, he wrote: "I am all for laxness and variety in this as in every field of art." In truth, the form would appear less congenial to the English temper than to the French or American. Yet in the English stories are a certain downrightness and solidity from which the French and American might profit.

Books of the Week

EDUCATION

Baker, Ray P. (Editor). Engineering Education. Wiley & Sons.
Noyes, William A. College Textbook of Chemistry. Holt.
von Engeln, O. D. Concerning Cornell. Ithaca: Georgraphy Supply Bureau.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Reely, Mary K. Daily Bread, and Other One-Act Plays. Wilson. 60 cents.
Towne, Charles Hanson. A World of Windows. Doran. $1.25.
Wheelock, John Hall. Dust and Light. Scribners. $1.50.

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Dorland, W. A. Newman. What Billingsgate Thought. Boston: Stratford Co. $1.50.
Fujimoto, T. The Story of the Geisha Girl. Lippincott.
Masaryk, Thomas G. The Spirit of Russia. Translated from the German Original by Eden and Cedar Paul. Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.
Smith, G. Gregory. Scottish Literature. Macmillan. $3.25.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Barker, J. Ellis. Modern Germany. Dutton. $6.
Holt, Lucius H., and Chilton, Alexander W. A Brief History of Europe From 1789 to 1815. Macmillan. $2.75.
Repplier, Agnes. J. William White, M. D.: A Biography. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Turner, Edward R. Ireland and England. Century. $3.

FICTION

Birmingham, G. A. Our Casualty. Doran. $1.50.
Buckrose, J. E. Marriage While You Wait. Doran. $1.60.
Clouston, J. Storer. Simon. Doran. $1.50.
Cummins, G. D. The Land They Loved. Macmillan. $1.75.
Garstin, Crosbie. The Mud Larks. Doran. $1.50.
Kaye-Smith, Sheila. The Four Roads. Doran. $1.50.
Kreutz, Rudolf J. Captain Zillner: A Human Document. Translated by W. J. Alexander Worster. Hodder & Stoughton. $1.75.
Mackay, Isabel E. Mist of Morning. Doran. $1.50.
"Sapper" (Cyril McNeile). Mufti. Doran. $1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Dresser, Horatio W. A History of the New Thought Movement. Crowell. $2.
Jones, D. Ambrose. Philosophic Thought and Religion. Macmillan. 80 cents.

SCIENCE

Bower, F. O., Kerr, J. Graham, and Agar, W. E. Lectures on Sex and Heredity. Macmillan.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Year Book, 1919.
Final Report of the International Joint Commission on the Lake of the Woods Reference. Washington-Ottawa: Government Printing Office.
Gantt, H. L. Organizing for Work. Harcourt, Brace & Howe. $1.25.
Logio, George C. Bulgaria: Problems and Politics. Doran. $2.
Marcosson, Isaac F. Peace and Business. Lane. $1.50.
President Wilson's Great Speeches, and Other History Making Documents. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vliet. $1.25.

THE WAR

Hecht, George J. (Compiler and editor). The War in Cartoons. Dutton. $2.50.
Hornung, E. W. Notes of a Camp-Follower on the Western Front. Dutton. $2.
Mayo, Margaret. Trouping for the Troops. Doran. $1.25.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Fields of Victory. Scribners. $1.50.

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Compston, H. F. B. The Inscription on the Stele of Mesa commonly called the Moabite Stone. Macmillan.
Dunlop, James M. Anatomical Diagrams. Macmillan.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Gaunt, Mary. A Broken Journey. Lippincott.
Macdonald, John F. The Amazing City. Lippincott. $2.50.
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